

# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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## LASHED ALL NIGHT TO THE RIGGING

### ALL NIGHT ON THE RIGGING

#### TRAGIC SCENES ON THE GOODWINS

##### Three Ships Go Down in November Storms

##### A BOY'S FIRST DAY AT SEA

The winter storms are coming in, and already a tragic chapter has been written on the Goodwin Sands. Three vessels were driven on the Sands in one day, and totally destroyed. About a dozen lives were lost.

One of the lost vessels was a Russian schooner bound from Calais to South Shields, and a pitiful sight awaited the Deal lifeboat when it arrived.

A huge wave was just striking the ship, so that the schooner toppled over, and the men who had taken refuge in the rigging were thrown into the water and drowned. Two other men were clinging to the keel of an upturned boat, but could not be reached. The clever lifeboatmen, however, kept their boat from foundering, and, most of them injured and crippled, managed to save the two men by throwing out a line.

##### Fire Signal

On their journey to shore the lifeboatmen were greeted by the captain of a steamer who had picked up a ship's mast with a number of people on it; and the lifeboat had hardly reached shore when news came of two other vessels in distress. These two ships could be seen, with their sails torn, tossing in heavy seas.

Once more the lifeboat set out, and this time they found a London vessel homeward bound from Antwerp. She had been blown on the Goodwins at 9.30 on Saturday night, in such distress that the captain set fire to the mattresses of the beds as signals.

The crew sought refuge by lashing themselves to the rigging; and there they remained for 17 hours.

##### The London Boy

Lashed to the rigging with the others was a little lad named Beare, not long ago a schoolboy at Hackney. He was on his first journey at sea, and after eight hours in the rigging the poor boy fell off and was drowned.

The others were saved, but the second ship had lost all its crew and was totally wrecked.

One of the most pathetic things in this pathetic tale is the saying of the rescued captain that, as they clung to the rigging, they saw the men of the other ship lashed to the rigging too, and "To cheer one another up we kept waving, but at 10 a.m. they disappeared."

The terror of the Goodwins looms large in history, and it is 216 years ago this month since the worst disaster ever known on the Sands, 13 warships being wrecked in one night.

### A Lady's Appeal for Assyria



Princess Surma, who has come to England to plead that the lands of the ancient Assyrians, the oldest country known to history, may be restored to the wandering hill-tribes of Assyria

### LITTLE CHILD BEHIND A GREAT DISASTER

The most terrible railway accident known in Denmark for many years has been caused by an innocent child.

The child was one of a family party—mother, father, and six children—and they were in a train nearing Copenhagen when suddenly the baby fell from its mother's arms through the open window. Most of those in the carriage seem to have been rather sleepy sort of people, and it was not until the train had gone on nearly a mile that they decided to pull the communication cord. Then the train stopped automatically, and the anxious parents walked along the line, the train backing slowly.

They found the child nearly a mile behind, alive and very little hurt; it had escaped as miraculously as the child that fell out of a train in Penge Tunnel not very long ago.

But now a dramatic and awful event confronted the driver of the train, for there suddenly appeared the lights of a Jutland express.

The signalman, a man with the highest record, had been so busy arranging to pass a fire-brigade train, that he forgot to stop the express. On it came, smashing into the rear carriage of the slow train. Carriages were smashed and thrown down a high embankment, and there were terrible scenes all through the dark night. A hospital train and a relief train with searchlights came up, and in the end they found 22 dead and 30 injured people.

When the passengers at last reached the Danish capital, all more or less shaken, and accompanied by their sad human freight, only one seemed quite happy and smiling. It was Baby.

### AN ANTARCTIC BABY

#### King Penguin Born in Scotland

#### UNPRECEDENTED EVENT IN NATURAL HISTORY

By Our Natural Historian

A king penguin has been hatched in Scotland. Such an event has never happened before.

King penguins have never been found actually within the Antarctic circle, but their home is on the islands just outside the circle—the Kerguelen, Marion, Herd, Crozets, Stewart, and Macquarie islands, and no king penguin has been known to be born outside these regions.

The king penguin is almost the most interesting of its tribe, ranking next in importance to the emperor penguin, which it resembles, though smaller.

##### A Fascinating Family

The whole family of penguins are fascinating birds, for these are the birds which have followed limited sea routes so long, far from the haunts of man, that they have lost the faculty of flight, and converted their wings into flightless flippers. These flippers are not quite as inoffensive as they seem, for they can strike forward or backward; and Sir Ernest Shackleton found that the flipper of the emperor, at any rate, is capable of breaking a man's arm.

The upright gait of the penguin, with beak pointing to the sky, gives the bird a ludicrously human-like appearance, and the method of its approach and address supports the idea. A scientist of the Shackleton expedition gives us a diverting description of a deputation of emperor penguins which waited on the human invaders of the Antarctic.

The procession was headed by a sagacious old male, who, while the others halted at a respectable distance, waddled close up to the men and gravely bowed until his head almost touched his breast.

##### The Penguin's Speech

With his head still bowed, says our author, he made a long speech in a muttering manner, and, having finished his speech, he still kept his head bowed for a few seconds for politeness' sake, and then described with his bill as large a circle as the joints of his neck would allow, finally looking into the travellers' faces to see if they understood. If they had not, he tried again.

The old bird was infinitely patient with the stupidity of the explorers, but his followers were not so patient with him, and presently they would become sure that he was making a mess of it, and would waddle forward, elbow him aside as if to say, "I'll show how it should be done," and go through the whole business again.

Clearly they are jolly, friendly, wise old birds; we hope our little Scottish king will like his climate and live long among us. Photograph on page 12



## ALONE ON AN ISLAND LORD JELlicoe's REMARK- ABLE ADVENTURE

### Three Starving Men with Three Motor Cars

#### HOW THEY HEARD THE NEWS OF VICTORY

On his journey to the other side of the world to report on the defences of the British Dominions, Lord Jellicoe, in the battleship New Zealand, has rescued two white men and a South Sea Islander, who had been marooned in utter loneliness for 18 months on Christmas Island, in the middle of the Pacific.

They had been left on the island in 1918, and, as no one had visited it since, they did not know the war was over. In fact, when the great ship drew near, they thought it was a German war vessel, and came down to the beach with their revolvers to make a fight for the bit of British land which they occupied.

#### Motor Car for a Suit of Clothes

Even had the vessel been a German, there was not much to fight for, as the three had been almost starved to death. Fish and coco-nuts had been their only food. They had three motor-cars, left by a ship that had once called there, but they would gladly have bartered the cars for three suits of clothes to cover their almost naked forms.

But, instead of meeting German enemies, it was the former Commander-in-Chief of the British Navy who brought them the news of victory, and rescued them from their almost maddening privations. Did ever news come in so strange a way? Did ever commander carry it to so forlorn a place?

Lord Jellicoe removed the men to the nearest inhabited land, Fanning Island, where there is a cable station and ample supplies, and where they will forget the mockery of riding in motor-cars and starving—riding from coco-nut grove to coco-nut grove to pluck the fruit that, as time went on, would barely sustain their waning strength.

## STATE SECRET COMES OUT

### Italy Would Not Fight Britain

When General Diaz, the victorious Commander-in-Chief of the Italian Army, was being honoured in London, a British statesman revealed a secret that had been kept for forty years.

There was a good deal of astonishment at that period when Italy joined Germany and Austria in what was called the Triple Alliance, for we had always been friends of Italy.

The secret now disclosed is that at that time Italy made a condition on joining the alliance that she should never through that alliance be drawn into a war against Great Britain.

That was why Germany and Austria knew from the beginning of the War that they would not have Italy's help.

## DEATH PACKET STOLEN Children Pick Up Dynamite

Someone in Aberdeen has been guilty of the death of a 14-year-old lad. The guilt comes first from theft, and secondly from reckless carelessness.

The thief took a parcel from a motor-car. On examining it he found that it contained something he did not want. He threw it away and took no notice.

Really, the packet contained 300 dynamite fuses, used for blasting granite. Children carried them away, not dreaming that each was a deadly explosive.

One boy carried one off to the station and began to examine it, when it burst, killed him in a moment, and injured another boy near.

The guilt of that poor boy's death should lie heavy for ever on the conscience of the careless thief.

## TRUE TALES FROM THE DUMB WORLD

### Bird's Home Inside an Apple. A Dog and His Friend. Cat that Goes to the Cupboard

Dorothy M. Collins, of Farnham, sends us an account of her clever cat. She says:

One thing he does is opening the cupboard door. The cupboard is near the kitchen range, and so is always nice and warm. If the door happens to be shut that is no obstacle, for he turns the latch with his paw, and pulls the door ajar by taking hold of the handle with his two front paws and stepping backwards on his hind legs.

If he is out of doors and wishes to come in, he springs on the door handle and rattles it till someone lets him in.

#### DOES TID KNOW?

Winifred Wells, of Upper Norwood, writes:

Our cat Tid had a kitten a little while ago, and one day, when she came into my bedroom, I said to her "Go and fetch your kitten." She went straight away, and in about five minutes came back with it in her mouth.

If I ever cry, Tid walks round me and purrs and mews until I stop. When people come to see us, I sometimes pretend to cry; but Tid knows the difference quite well, and takes no notice.

#### ANIMALS WITH INVENTIVE MINDS

Kathleen Flint, of Bradford, writes:

Sam is a lovely black spaniel. One evening, after dinner, he was given some choice bits in a saucer. When our cat, to whom he is really very kind, came on the scene, Sam, fearing she would help herself, picked up the saucer and carried it about ten yards away into the sitting-room, where he ate up the dainty pieces.

My mother tells of a cat she once knew who, when milk was too low in a glass to be lapped, put his paw into it and thus gradually drank it all up.

#### BROWNIE SAVES A BUNNY

Marjorie, England writes from Westcott, near Dorking:

While my cousin and I were at a Brownie meeting outside the Wotton Institute, we saw an exciting chase of a rabbit by a stoat. One of our members went to the rescue, and succeeded in driving the stoat in one direction and bunny in the other. The rabbit ran within 12 yards of us.

#### THE DOG AT THE DOOR

Dorothy Samuel, of Lowestoft, writes:

A friend and I, going to church several Sundays ago, noticed a little fox-terrier push open a gate evidently belonging to his home, trot up the path, raise himself on his hind legs, place both paws on the knocker of the door, and give a loud rap.

Then he jumped down, the door opened, and he trotted in.

#### ROBIN REDBREAST IN AN APPLE

Agnes Granger, of W. Hartlepool, writes:

Last year a friend showed me in his garden a robin's nest built in an apple.

The eggs were laid and the young birds hatched out.

My friend had watched the pair of robins pecking out the inside of the apple. It was the work of three days. The inside of the apple was neatly lined with horsehair and dry grass. The apple remained on the tree long after the young had flown.

#### A SPARROW'S FIRST DAY OUT

Leslie W. Nelson sends us this note from Liverpool:

A very young sparrow, probably while attempting its first flight, fell in our back garden in the suburbs of Liverpool. My father discovered it lying on the wet soil, wretched, dirty, and half dead, after a heavy shower of rain.

We gave it a hot bath to revive it and cleanse it, and made it as comfortable as possible for the night in a cigar-box, wondering if it would still be alive in the morning, without food, and too young to take food except from one of the old birds.

Well, it was still alive in the morning, and then, as an experiment, we placed the box on the window sill outside in the warm sun, and in a very short time the mother bird heard it cry, arrived on the scene, and fed it, going and returning many times.

Later, while we were at lunch, the young sparrow disappeared from the box. No doubt its next attempt at flying was a success.

#### THE MOUSE WHO CAME TO DINNER

G. S. Williment, of Norwich, writes:

For 25 years we have lived here and have never been troubled with mice until recently, when we noticed a mouse was paying us a visit uninvited.

One day, to our great surprise, when we had just begun our dinner, a mouse was seen sitting on a chair by the table! I picked up a knife by the blade, moved slowly forward, struck, and the mouse fell a victim to the floor.

"And now he is dead,"

"The three of us said,

"Such a well-behaved mouse!

He should have been fed."

#### THREE RABBITS A DAY

Freddie Gibbon writes from the Lane Ends Farm, Manfield, Darlington:

I should like to tell you about our two cats. Every day they go down the orchard and catch rabbits. But the strange thing is that they do not eat the rabbits. They bring them to the house and leave them.

Sometimes they take them into the kitchen. For several days we watched the cats, and each day each cat brought three rabbits to the house.

#### TEACHING BIRDS TO BE FRIENDS

Reginald W. Daniel writes from Barry:

Outside our back garden, attached to the house, we have a bigger garden that was once waste land, but is now fenced in. While I was there a robin came hopping round me and perched about a foot from my foot, searching for food.

With some wood and nails and two tin lids I fixed up a perch about four feet high, and from this the robin feeds; also many sparrows and a thrush.

After a bit I shifted it into the nearer garden, and they still come, and the robin will feed there while I watch it, about seven feet away.

#### A CAT'S RAT WEEK

E. Permien, a London reader, writes:

One evening, while we were sitting in a room with the light on, our cat appeared at the window with a rat in her mouth, mewing to come in.

We would not let her in with the rat, and evidently she thought this was the trouble, for she jumped down and ate the rat, and then came again, showing us the tail in her mouth.

#### A TALE OF TWO DOGS

Thomas S. Whiteside, of St. Anne's-on-Sea, writes:

Two months ago we owned a favourite fox-terrier. In the spring of this year a younger dog, black-and-tan, came on a long visit, and a great friendship sprang up between the animals.

However, the fox-terrier was run over by a motor-car towards the end of August and received fatal injuries. The young black-and-tan saw his friend placed in a motor vehicle when he was removed to a veterinary surgeon.

For two days he was missing, and when he returned refused to touch food of any kind. Bowed down with grief at the loss of his friend, he would go every morning to look in the motor in the hope of finding the injured dog. Then he would wander about the streets.

If he saw a dog resembling his chum he would dash towards it, overjoyed, till he discovered his mistake, when he would turn away with his tail between his legs. Not till two weeks had passed did he give up his hopeless search.

## TANK OLDER THAN THE CAESARS CRUEL KING WHO HAD ONE

### First Creeping War Weapon Known to History

#### WITNESS IN BRITISH MUSEUM

The lady of Assyria who has come to see the King is our reminder that the real inventor of the Tank, as far as we know, lived far away back in Assyria.

The various people who are keenly contesting for the honour of having invented the Tank seem to forget that there is nothing new under the sun.

It is certainly true of the Tank, for the witness is at our very doors, and we have already published the picture of a Tank 2800 years old. It is in the Nimrod Gallery of the British Museum, carved in the enduring stone, and is an undoubted Tank.

It looks small compared with the sturdy archers beside it, with their bows bent against the defenders of a city wall, but that is because the sculptor who carved it was only beginning to understand ideas of perspective.

#### Men as Engines

Still, it is a Tank. It runs on two pairs of wheels, parts of which are visible beneath its armour, and out of the forepart, surmounted by an observation turret, sticks what might well be mistaken for a gun, but what is really a battering ram, vigorously knocking stones out of the enemy's wall.

And it was mechanically propelled, too. It is extremely probable that the wheels were rotated by gearing worked by men inside, and the force with which it could act is shown by the way the stones are being knocked down.

It formed part of the all-victorious army of Assur-Nasir-Pal, who was King of Assyria from the year 884 to 860 B.C., about a hundred years after Solomon reigned in Jerusalem.

#### The Unlucky Generals

This monarch, in spite of the friendly-sounding end to his name, was one of the most cruel monsters who ever lived, and the suffering he inflicted on conquered foes is unthinkable. When he took a city he buried alive all the children, and he boasts about it in his inscriptions, which are still preserved. If an enemy general was taken alive, he was taken to Nimrod to be flayed for the King's amusement.

But this monster was a remarkable military genius. He is the father of all sappers, and perfected the siege-craft of the Assyrians. He was one of the first to realise the value of accurate shooting, a factor as important in battle now as 3000 years ago; and where we have machine guns pouring bullets on our enemies, he had archers, and by their arrows he disorganised the chariots of his foes before they could come to close quarters.

Whether the Tank portrayed in the British Museum was actually the king's invention, or whether the Rab-Shakeh, an officer high up on his staff, stole the model from a subaltern and sold it to the Assyrian Ministry of Munitions, we do not know; but Assur-Nasir-Pal had his Tank, at any rate, long before the Kaiser or Caesar himself was born.

#### TWELVE-YEAR-OLD SAVES FIVE- YEAR-OLD

Brave as he is modest, young Edward Coleman, aged 12, of the Steadfast Training Ship, dived into the Thames and rescued little Lily Barton when she had sunk once in deep water. Then he handed her over to others and went away, and said no more about it.

But Lily's mother determined to find the boy who had saved her little lassie, and at last she succeeded. When he was asked about it Coleman admitted the offence, and he will be honoured for his plucky deed. *Photograph on page 12*



## MOTOR MYSTERIES FOUR INVENTORS ON THE WAY TO REVOLUTION

New Ideas in Cars, Planes, and  
Trains

### WHAT WILL COME OF THEM?

There is a man in Italy who proposes to dethrone King Coal by driving trains with compressed air.

There is a man in England who claims to drive motorcars with a few chemicals in a bucket of water.

There is a man in France who has built collapsible wings and a propeller on a car to make it fly.

There is a man in America who runs a car driven with a magnet.

So the stories of the hour come in, and there are others of like kind in these wonderful days. Time and trial must sift the genuine from the shams.

### What Compressed Air Can Do

The scheme for the pneumatic trains seems quite feasible, given sufficiently powerful plant to compress enough air. The inventor proposes to effect compression at central depots adjoining the railways, fit air-tanks to locomotives in place of coal-tenders, and re-charge up the tanks with compressed air at convenient stopping places.

We have had half a dozen tramways in England worked by compressed air, and many have been successful in America. Compressed air drives the drills that hollow out the great tunnels; it drives home the rivets of our battle-ships and liners; it raises the submarine from the sea by blowing out the water from the ballast.

### A Substitute for Petrol?

The "bucket of water" to drive a car is a mystery, as its inventor intends it to be. He mixes what he calls chemicals in water, pours the compound into the empty petrol-tank of an ordinary car, and drives away. What the chemicals are we do not know.

Calcium carbide mixed with water yields acetylene gas, which would fire as an electric plug sparks in a cylinder, but what becomes of the water in which the chemicals are dissolved? The mystery fuel can be produced at 5d. per gallon, its inventor says, saving 2s. 7d. per gallon on petrol at present prices.

But why has such an invention, if it is genuine, to be brought from America, and hawked about among private car-owners in England? The whole story is wonderful—and doubtful!

### Flying Motor Cars

The motorcar-aeroplane scheme needs only to be good enough to succeed. That is all. The idea is not new. The plan has been tried, and aeroplane-motorcars have been made to leap over hedges. But the French machine is intended really to run on the road and to rise and fly at the driver's will.

The wings fold up at the sides until wanted; the touch of a spring brings them into position, and another touch sets the propeller at the rear to work, and, hey presto! the car is off the road and in the air. But it has yet to prove that it can fulfil the inventor's dream and fly from France to London.

The man who sends home from America the story of the magnet-driven motorcar treats the subject as war correspondents first treated the Tanks and gives us more fun than

Continued under picture

## WILL THE KINEMA TALK?

Why We May Not Hear It

Once again it is stated that the secret of making a talking film has been discovered, this time in Sweden, but the attempt has so often proved a failure before, that we had better wait and see before being too sanguine.

There are other difficulties, greater than that of getting the gramophone to work in perfect time with the machine that shows the pictures; but the chief difficulty is not scientific but commercial.

It is that of language. If English were spoken while the scenes were taken no translation could ever be made into another tongue that would exactly fit the motions of the actors, and as films go all over the world no one language would be of use.

The international character of the film is the chief secret of the unique success of the kinema, and the talking film aims directly against it. Pictures are universal, and all can understand them; language is national. How is this difficulty to be overcome?

## TROUBLED LABOUR High Prices and the Great Coal Strike

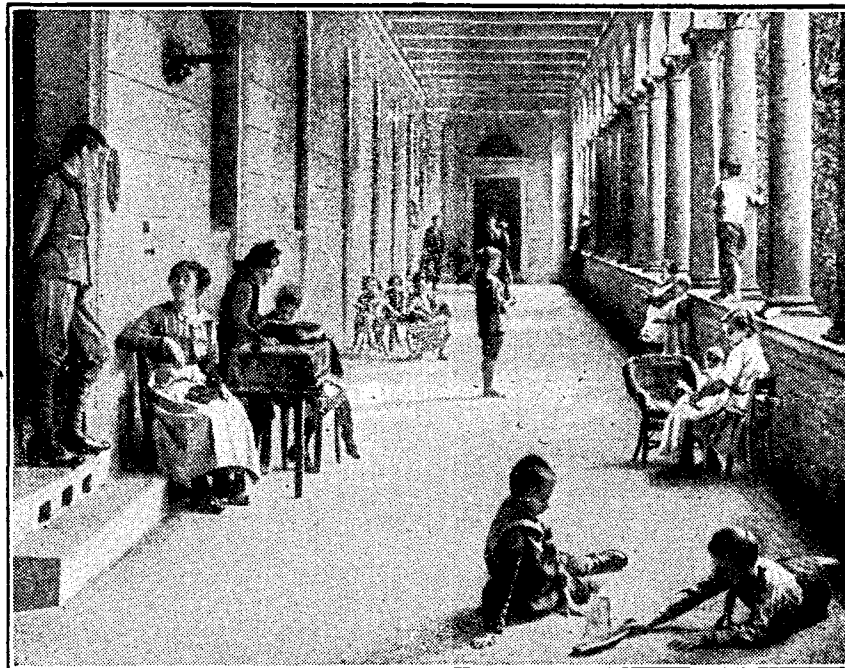
The great coal strike in America, causing such industrial ruin in the most prosperous nation in the world today, was due in the first place to high prices. They are the cause of most of the discontent throughout the world, leading to inevitable demands for increase in wages.

The American strike involved over half a million men, and their chief demands were for 60 per cent. increase in wages, a six-hour day, and a five-day week.

It is an ironical stroke of fate that the strike occurred while the first International Labour Conference under the League of Nations was being held in Washington. The Austrian delegates to this conference were unable to go owing to the high cost of the journey, and into the heart of the conference, when it did meet, came this dramatic reminder of the universal cause of discontent.

Those who wanted war have had it, and all mankind suffers from their folly.

## Children Play in the Kaiser's Palace



The Palace of Marly, at Potsdam, once the home of the proud Kaiser, is now used as a flat-dwelling for the people. The gallery is a children's nursery, as seen in this photograph

facts. But this seems to be the plan. A self-starter puts the fly-wheel in motion, and with the fly-wheel there spins a large magnet with considerable armature, the magnet being attached to the wheel. Electric current is generated by the revolving magnet, and the current is strong enough to turn the crankshaft of the engine and so drive the road wheels.

That, at any rate, seems the only logical deduction from the account sent to England. There is no clutch, no gearbox, and, more puzzling still, no brakes. If that is so, then the magnet must act, when necessary, as a brake, by holding

the propelling mechanism rigid, and so preventing the car from moving.

But the published details are preposterously vague to a man who understands an ordinary motorcar; and we give the story because it shows the sort of ideas by which the motor world is at the moment excited. If we derive 50 per cent. of actual accomplishment from these four schemes the world will be immensely benefited. The pneumatic railway might be the most revolutionary of all, but an electrically driven car without great batteries would transform all road transport and make the new fuel unnecessary.

## A STUPID THING TO DO Looking for Gas With a Light

Because there was a bad smell of gas in Wirksworth a man went looking for the leak with a light—a thing that every child is supposed to know is dangerous.

He found the leak in a backyard. Evidently all the ground and the drains around were saturated with the escaping gas, for the explosion that naturally followed hurled a drainage manhole fifty yards away, overturned flagstones, and alarmed the whole neighbourhood.

Luckily no one was hurt, not even the frightened man who lit the gas.

## TRAPPED STOWAWAYS Sad Fate on a Lost Ship

Men from the north of Europe, Norwegians and Swedes, have a way of shipping secretly from land to land as stowaways, and so escaping the payment of fares and the rules of travel by sea, which are very strict.

Recently, a Swedish ship sank suddenly in the North Sea through striking a mine.

It is now feared that no fewer than 17 stowaways were drowned on this one ship, as they were hidden away in secret places not easily escaped from.

## THE LADY OF GOOD HOPE Ella Wheeler Wilcox Passes Away

FIRST POET ON C.N. STAFF

Those who have followed the Children's Newspaper from its birth last Spring will have learned with special sadness of the death of Ella Wheeler Wilcox, for she was one of the first members of its contributing staff, and one of the best poets she wrote this year was the one she addressed to the millions of little men and women who read this paper.

Almost the last articles Mrs. Wilcox wrote were her letters to our girl readers, and she laid down her pen only to go into a nursing home in England, and then on to her home in America, suffering from an illness from which she did not recover.

But not we only, but millions throughout the world, will miss her bright and hopeful verses, for no verses have been more widely quoted than hers, and the little books published in this country by Messrs. Gay & Hancock have had a marvellous circulation.

How many thousands of birthday and autograph albums have had these lines written in them?

So many gods, so many creeds,  
So many ways that wind and wind,  
While just the art of being kind  
Is all the sad world needs.

Or this simple philosophy of life?  
Laugh, and the world laughs with you;  
Weep, and you weep alone:  
For the sad old earth must borrow its mirth;  
It has troubles enough of its own.

Queen Alexandra, when Mr. Gladstone died, wrote one of Mrs. Wilcox's verses on the card of her wreath, and it was the optimistic faith of this verse in which Mrs. Wilcox passed beyond these borders.

And so for me there is no sting in death,  
And so the grave has lost its victory.  
It is but crossing, with a bated breath  
And white, set face, a little strip of sea,  
To find the loved ones waiting on the shore,  
More beautiful, more precious than before.

## A HERO'S MOTHER Public Neglect of Jack Corn- well's Memory

It is sad to record the death of Jack Cornwell's mother, and sadder still to record the fact that she died without seeing her dearest wish realised—the erection of a memorial on Jack's grave. Over £30,000 was raised in honour of this brave boy's memory, but nothing adequate has been done in all these years, and the slowness of those who had the money has aroused indignation.

It is a strange and sad thing that public funds like this so often miss their real purpose or lose touch with the spirit that brings them into being.

Jack, his father, and his mother are all gone now; Jack and his father through the war, his mother tired and ill, working to the end of her days. Jack's brother and sister remain.

### THE LAST HYMN

A touching story is told of a Salvationist who was among the victims of the Cornish mine disaster. He was John Tonkin, who lived at St. Just. He was buried among the ruins and in great pain, but amid the cries of the wounded and dying they heard his voice singing, patiently, "Nearer, my God, to Thee."



## THE CHESHIRE CAT WIPES OUT OUR DEBT

### How We Should Get Rid of It

#### NEW PROPOSALS FOR DEALING WITH TAX COLLECTORS

By Our Special Correspondent in Wonderland

"What do you want?" snapped the Cat.  
"Your opinion," I replied.

"Don't call names," said the Cat.  
"I'm not a pinion. There's nothing dicky about me, except inside after dinner. Now, what is it you want?"

"Your opinion," I replied.

"You're another," said the Cat.  
"Don't I keep telling you I'm fluffy, and not feathery? Fishy, perhaps, inside after breakfast, but not feathery. If you say to me once more 'You're a pinion,' I'll vanish away, grin and all; so that's that."

"Let me put it like this—" I began.  
"Put what?" asked the Cat.

"The question in hand."  
"Whose hand?" it demanded.

"You see," I said gently, "I want your advice."

"My advice never varies," said the Cat. "I can put it in a nutmeg: Give a dog a bad name and stick to it."

"Why Not a Dog Week?"

I was about to explain matters when the Cat said, with considerable feeling: "They've lately had a Rat Week in England; why not a Dog Week? I should like to know. I can't bear those creatures. I'd sack the lot, and throw the sack into the Thames. If England isn't careful, she'll go to the dogs."

"That's just what I wanted your advice about," I cut in. "The question is, How can England pay her War debt? It's the most urgent, the most terrible question of the day."

The Cheshire Cat blinked its eyes.  
"The answer to that," it said slowly, "is, Leave it alone. Or, in other words, Leave it a loan. Or, to put it more clearly still, Say nothing about it. Silence is golden, and there's nothing like gold for paying your debts."

"But," said I, "England owes all this money—something like £8,000,000,000!"

**New Taxes**  
"Very well," said the Cat. "The people she owes it to must take the will for the deed. And if they can't get the big Will, let them make the most of the little Will—that is to say, Little Willie. England's Bill must be cancelled by Germany's Bill—that is to say, Kaiser Bill. It's true he doesn't amount to much: but he's still a man of Mark—a falling Mark, a black Mark, it is true; yet, when you recall the lines:

This little Bill went to market,  
This little Bill stayed at home;  
This little Bill had a stamp on,  
This little Bill had none;

This little Bill cried, Pay, pay, pay,  
or I shall be done, done, done!

you can see that the situation is not so desperate as it looks."

"You cannot," I asked, "suggest any new taxes?"

**Why Not Tax Tacks?**  
"I can never find one when I want one," said the Cat, "particularly when it's raining. The more taxis the better, I should say. Fewer dogs and more taxis. Give a dog a bad name and stick to it; that's my advice."

"I mean taxes; that is to say, taxation," I explained.

"What about tin-tacks?" asked the Cat. "If you had plenty of them you

could take this debt and nail it to the counter. Why not tin-tacks on all screws above sixpence a week? But wait a moment; I've got an idea. This question of yours is a capital subject; it's full of interest; I like it; it taxes my imagination. What about making every poet take out a licence in the spring? That would raise the wind—my fur and whiskers, wouldn't it!

"Then you might put a tax on all women under thirty; that would get every one of them not over 80. But, of course, you ought to get hold of all your caricaturists before you do anything else."

"Why?" I demanded.  
"Because they can overdraw," said the Cat. "Have you heard the song: 'I know a bank where the wild fool blows'?"

The money father saved and he now owes?"

It's a beautiful song. But, talking of taxes, why not a Pain Tax? You've got a Pleasure Tax; you remember. Now, my opinion is that a Pain Tax would simply rope in the Bradburys. For example, instead of giving a child half-a-crown when it goes to the dentist, tax it ninepence. Instead of giving a little boy jam with his Gregory powder, make him pay twopence. Music lessons should be taxed fourpence a time.

**A Toothache Tax**  
"And you could have a scale of charges for all children's accidents—penny for a fall, twopence for a bump, threepence for a barked shin, fourpence for a cut finger. And then, if you worked this Pain Tax properly, you would charge everybody 5s. who has to travel by the South-Eastern [Railway]. According to the philosophers, there's more pain in the world than pleasure. Very well, then; tax it. Have you heard the following?"

Cried Chummy, "Oh, Mummy" (His Mummy was baking),  
"I've got a most rummy  
And frightfully glummy  
Rumbling and aching  
Inside of my tummy."  
"Hooray!" said his Mummy,  
His money-box shaking,  
And three pennies taking;  
"That's perfectly crummy:  
Threepence off the debt from your dear little tummy!"

You might charge almost anything you liked for toothache."

I expressed a doubt as to the popularity of a Pain Tax, and the Cheshire Cat grinned from ear to ear.

"Have you no other suggestions?" I asked, after an interval.

"Yes," said the Cat, "I have."  
"What is that?" I asked.

**A Sudden Ending**  
"It's as easy as winking," said the Cat. "You simply deny that there is such a thing as a War Debt. Don't you see that every time you talk about this Debt you're making the illusion more real to yourself? What you should do is to affirm that there is no Debt in the world, no debt of any kind."

"But when the tax-collector calls?" I objected.

"Well, you simply assure him that he is labouring under a misapprehension. You should do this as sweetly as possible. You should tell him that he is mistaken—that there is no such thing as debt; all is credit, all is surplus, all is profit; he is wrong, poor fellow; he is deceiving himself."

All of a sudden the Cat began to fade. "I can't stop," it cried desperately. "I'm afraid of being taxed to death. How stuffy it is just now!"

I looked round. A taxidermist was approaching.

## BLIND BOY'S VICTORY

### Beating the World's Chess Champion

#### PLAYING ON FORTY BOARDS AT ONCE

One of the many wonders of the achievements of the blind is that they can play chess, the most difficult of all games, where 32 pieces are constantly changing places, and every change has to be borne in mind.

At Worcester a blind boy of 18 has now beaten the champion chess-player of the world.

Señor Capablanca, the champion, is a Cuban, and he plays with such brilliant swiftness that he can play 40 men playing on 40 boards at once.

As he goes from board to board, swiftly making his moves, each of his opponents has time to study carefully his own next move, while the champion is making 39 moves on 39 other boards.

At Worcester 15 of the 40 players were scholars from the College for the Blind, and the other 25 players were the best players who could see, selected from Worcester and the neighbourhood.

The champion beat all the men who could see and 14 of the blind scholars, but Reed, one of the blind lads, forced him to resign after they had made 36 moves of their pieces, thus doing magnificently what people who do not know the cleverness of the blind would think could not be done at all without sight.

## WANTED, A GUIDE-POST

### How to Find Stonehenge

We live in hard times, but surely a nation which can waste millions of pounds a day can afford a guide-post to Stonehenge.

Stonehenge is our oldest national monument. It has stood for thousands of years on Salisbury Plain. It belongs to the Government, which thinks it right to charge a fee to travellers who go to see these famous stones.

But the traveller often loses his way. The roads cut across the great wide plain like a spider's web, and hundreds of people have been puzzled by the absence of sign-posts leading to our most famous monument. A colonel who has just been there complained of the lack of sign-posts, and was told by an official that there was no intention of putting them up, because the place was so well known to the villagers!

But sign-posts surely are not for those who know, but for those who do not know, and, as for the villagers, the Editor of the Children's Newspaper asked one of them not long ago the nearest way to Stonehenge, and the villager directed him—to a public-house!

## THE BAGDAD EXPRESS

### The Great Travel Days Coming

A great era of travel will open out when the Channel Tunnel comes. With that and one or two other engineering events accomplished, we shall go almost anywhere in Europe by train.

Sir Arthur Fell, M.P., an authority on the Channel Tunnel, has just been talking about it, and he prophesies that within the next 15 years there will be a Bagdad express starting every day from Charing Cross, for the British are completing the Bagdad railway, and its extension to Karachi is proposed to link it up with the Indian railways.

The effect of the tunnel, says Mr. Fell, will be to double, and perhaps quadruple, the traffic from England to the Continent, and he believes that trains from London could be run every half-hour with daily Continental expresses from big provincial towns.

Before the war it was estimated that the tunnel would cost sixteen million pounds, but that cost will now have to be doubled. The length will be 30 miles, and engineers are confident they can complete the tunnel in five or six years.

## THE WEEK IN HISTORY

### WELLINGTON'S LAST RIDE

#### Marvellous Boy Who Perished in His Pride

#### TRAGIC FATE OF A GREAT MAN

- Nov. 16. Suez Canal begun, 1869
- 17. Queen Mary died and Elizabeth succeeded, 1558
- 18. Duke of Wellington buried in St. Paul's, 1852
- 19. Schubert, the composer, died at Vienna, 1828
- 20. Thomas Chatterton, poet, born at Bristol, 1752
- 21. Sir Thomas Gresham died, 1579
- 22. Clive, founder of our Indian Empire, died, 1774

#### Conqueror of Napoleon

The funeral of the Duke of Wellington, the conqueror of Napoleon, was the greatest public celebration ever carried out in honour of a British subject, and nobly was it commemorated in solemn poetry by Lord Tennyson, who had just been appointed Poet Laureate.

Lead out the pageant, sad and slow,  
As fits an universal woe,  
Let the long, long procession go,  
And let the sorrowing crowd about it grow,  
And let the mournful martial music blow;  
The last great Englishman is low.

The old Duke, who in his prime had given peace to Europe, had impressed his character on the heart of the British people. They gave him such a funeral as had never been seen, because they felt he was, as Tennyson said, "in his simplicity sublime," and they knew how well his resting-place had been chosen.

Here, in streaming London's roar,  
Let the sound of those he wrought for,  
And the feet of those he fought for,  
Echo round his bones for evermore.

We can still see, in the crypt of St. Paul's, the carriage on which the Iron Duke was borne through streaming London to his grave.

#### Thomas Chatterton

THOMAS CHATTERTON's forefathers had been connected as sextons with the lovely church of St. Mary's Redcliffe, at Bristol, since the days of Queen Elizabeth, and the boy was brought up under the spire of the ancient church.

Apprenticed to an attorney, with time to spare, he set himself to invent a poet of long ago, whose verses he pretended to have found in the church, though he really wrote them himself.

Many were deceived, for the boy had a vein of true poetry in him, but the real critics detected the deception. Chatterton went on writing verse afterwards in his own name, and while still in his teens he went to London to live by his pen.

He failed, fell into sheer want, and committed suicide in a garret in Fleet Street, not far from the office where this is written, while still in his eighteenth year.

"The marvellous boy who perished in his pride" was a poet who, under wise guidance by people who understood him, might have been a bright star in the firmament of literature.

#### Robert Clive

ROBERT CLIVE, who began his working life as a clerk in the East Indian trade, and ended it a wealthy baron, though harassed by enemies and a victim of opium, was one of the men who shaped the destiny of the British nation under the guidance of Pitt, Earl of Chatham.

Clive was a born soldier, and Pitt soon saw his value. His generalship determined which country should have supremacy in India, England or France.

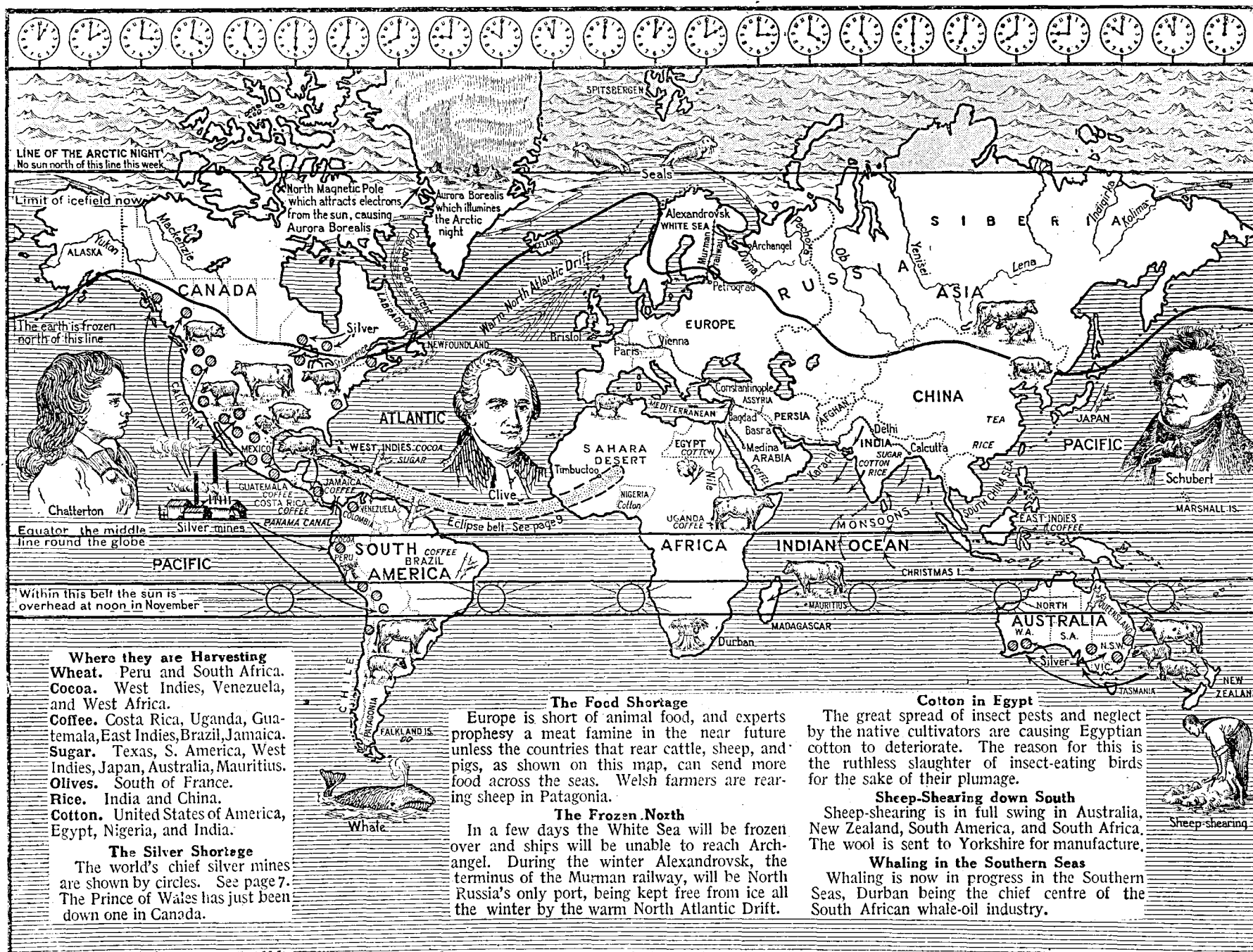
At the Battle of Plassey, in 1757, he firmly established British power in Bengal; and no odds against him in numbers were of any avail.

Clive won rich gains for his country, but he also took his own full share, and gave his many enemies ground for just criticism. Still, he did not deserve the sad fate that overtook him after serving his country well—the fate of being jealously hounded to death.

He was not fifty when he died by his own hand, a dishonoured victor. Others he conquered; himself he could not.



# WORLD NEWS & PICTURE MAP SHOWING WHERE MEAT & SILVER COME FROM



## A MAN WITH HIS EYES OPEN

### What He Saw in a Room in Paris DETECTIVE STORY IN REAL LIFE

A detective story from real life has been interesting Paris.

It tells of a doctor who did just what every boy and most men would like to be clever enough to do, that is to read clues where an ordinary eye does not see anything unusual.

A woman who kept an inn had been murdered, and a doctor was called in to examine the room where the murder was committed.

After examining the place closely he said the guilty man was left-handed, had a slight moustache, was a Sicilian, over 5 ft. 6 ins. high, had probably stayed at the inn before, and now, as likely as not, had a stump of candle in his pocket.

Asked why he knew these things, he said the man had cut himself at the door in a way that showed he was left-handed. A candle carried in his right hand dripped, and under the microscope the grease showed that it was of Sicilian make. In the grease were hairs, probably from his moustache, which he bit while making his plans for escape.

The detectives who had gone to search for the man quickly brought in a Sicilian sailor. The doctor held out to him a piece of paper, and he took it with his left hand, which was cut. In his pocket was found a candle stump.

Taxed with the crime, the man at once confessed his guilt.

## THE LONELY FALKLANDS Scene of a Thrilling Victory

One of the most thrilling pieces of news in all the Great War came from the lonely Falkland Islands, where Admiral Sturdee (see page 12) sent a German squadron to its doom. Now the islands are lonely and forgotten again.

They are generally visited by various vessels on the Cape Horn route, but the latest letters say five months had passed since the last vessel called there.

The weather had been the coldest for 42 years, and the fresh water all froze, so that snow had to be melted for drinking.

### KEEPING FRANCE'S POWDER DRY By Putting it in Water

France has £600,000,000 worth of unused war material, and the problem has been to know what she can do with it.

Much of it is explosive powder liable to go off by accident; and it is not easy to know what to do with such things.

What France is doing is to preserve it by sinking it, duly sealed up, in the cold mountain lakes of the Pyrenees, where it will remain ready for future use if unhappily it should ever be required. We hope it will never come up.

### FLYING TRICKS

The forbidding of dangerous trick-flying in this country does not apply abroad, where airmen vie with one another in fancy flights.

An English flying-man, Captain Saunders, has flown under the narrow arch of a railway bridge that no one else could fly through; and a French aviator, M. Frombal, has in three hours looped the loop 624 times.

## THIS WAY AND THAT WAY How Foch Did It

Gradually we are learning how the war was really carried on by the great soldiers who acted and did not talk.

Marshal Foch, the chief of all the soldiers, would not tell his plans, even to the greatest statesmen. One of them asked him plainly: "But, general, if the Germans make their great attack, what is your plan?"

Foch only answered by gestures. He struck out swiftly, first with his right fist, then with his left fist, and then again with his right fist, and finished with a tremendous kick, but said nothing.

And it all happened as he had acted it, without speech.

## LESS SUGAR, MORE CRIME Striking Statement by a Judge

An American judge now in England thinks the shortage of sugar may lead to juvenile crime. It seems that nine in ten of the children tried in London Courts are charged with stealing sweets.

A child's appetite demands sugar, says this judge, and if a boy cannot get it he steals it. The pity is that there is more profit to be made in using sugar for making alcohol than in selling it as sugar, and it is hoped the Ministry of Health will look into the matter.

### NEW STAMPS OF EUROPE

It is calculated that about 2000 new postage stamps have been issued in Europe since the end of the war. Nearly 1500 are issued by the new States created by the Peace Treaty, and Poland alone has issued 400.

## QUESTION TIME Do You Know These Things?

### THE MOTHER OF THE CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER WILL TELL YOU

Members of Parliament have been complaining that they cannot get all their questions answered. This is a difficulty with other people beside M.P.'s, and often the more interesting the question, the less easy it is to answer.

Here, for instance, is a number of questions. Can you answer them?

- Will Morocco feed Europe?
- Do animals imitate one another?
- How hot is the sun?
- How can birds fly thousands of miles?
- Can submarines tell us where to fish?
- Is there anywhere a ring half a million miles round?
- What country has three harvests a year?
- What animal makes a buoy to keep it floating?
- Who wrote "Some hae meat and canna eat"?
- What keeps an aeroplane up?
- Has a great discovery ever been announced in a puzzle?
- What is the best thing in life?
- Are there pockets in the air?
- How are grain ships emptied?
- How is friction useful to us?

All these, with a host of other absorbing questions, are answered in the December issue of My Magazine, the magazine that tells you all about the world you live in. It is beautifully illustrated, and can be bought anywhere for a shilling. It is the Mother of the Children's Newspaper, and every reader of this paper should see it.



## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

NOVEMBER 15 1919

## One Lesson, Nature, Let Us Learn of Thee

Is anything in Nature more beautiful to her children than the sight of Mother Earth turning over a new leaf? In this first autumn of the Great Peace the new leaf our Mother has turned over has been a wondrous sight to see. Lest we should be silent, the very trees proclaim the handiwork of Him who sits above the Heavens and will lead His people through these troubled days. The glory of summer fades, but the glory of autumn comes, and can anything compare with it?

But it is not the beauty of autumn that we think of now; it is its stillness, the dawning of that quiet time in which Mother Nature renews her strength and builds up the power with which she will do wonders after her resting-time.

Nature's bedtime is here, and she goes to her rest with a year of perfect work behind her and another year of perfect work to come. Through autumn and winter rest the forces that wake in spring and make our summer—they rest but do not sleep. They quieten down and watch and wait. Who does not know the words that one of the greatest men who ever walked through schools inspecting children, Matthew Arnold, addressed to Nature:

Yes, while on earth a thousand discords ring,

Man's fitful uproar mingling with his toil,  
Still do thy sleepless ministers move on,  
Their glorious tasks in silence perfecting;  
Still working, blaming still our vain turmoil,  
Labourers that shall not fail when man is gone.

Perhaps Nature's great lesson for us is this of quiet work. We sow a seed, and what is it that happens? All the forces of the universe are set to work to build that seed into something great or beautiful, but in their vast workshop there is no sign of turmoil, no sound but the gentle falling of the rain or the blowing of the wind.

Man does great things with his noisy schemes, his whirling wheels, his jangling chains, and the throb and hum of his engines; but man, in all his years on earth, has done nothing to compare with one year's work of Nature, so slow that we cannot see it move, so still that we cannot hear it, yet so perfect that we stand in awe at the wonder of it all.

Nature has something to teach us, surely, as the makers of our lovely summers go down to their rest. It is not noise that counts; it is not those who shout who matter most; it is not Revolution, but Evolution—as our cartoon shows this week—that will build up this broken world. *In quietness and confidence shall be our strength.* For a man and a nation and mankind the ancient words are true. A. M.



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London  
above the hidden waters of the ancient River  
Fleet, the cradle of the journalism of the world

## More Work in Less Time

ONE of the greatest lessons we have learned of late years has been that men do more work and better work if they are not worked too long. The Ministry of Munitions found out early in the war that more shells were made in a six-day week than in any seven-day week, and Sunday work was stopped because it hindered output.

Now the first figures of the coal output since the reduced hours of the miners began are being published, and these show that there has been a steady rise in the production of coal since hours were reduced from eight to seven. The man who works seven hours a day gets more coal in every hour than the man who works eight.

All work and no play makes John a dull man.



## Lah-di-dah at the Kinema

The seat in front of you is not a footstool

## Is Courtesy Coming Back?

IT looks as if we might return to the days of courtesy. Somebody has been writing to the paper about a busman who said "Thank you" for the fare. At each stop he called out the place quite plainly, and he looked out for passengers instead of gazing nowhere. And we ourselves have met a conductor lassie with whom it was worth double fare to ride, so glad she was.

And now we see that even landlords are polite. There was trouble in court between a landlord and tenant, and the judge said of the landlord's letters that they were "very beautiful and delightful," though not legal notices to quit.

We shall really believe the world is getting better when we hear "Please" and "Thank you" again. We like the Selfridge way. It is said that the discourtesy of an assistant in that famous shop the other day is the first example known, and Mr. Selfridge has found that courtesy pays as well in dividends as in joy of life.

## A Good Pull-up for Scooters

THERE is a good story told of a boy scooterist. He lives in a road along which multitudes of those little contrivances whiz, and outside his house he has printed in large letters the notice: "All Scooters Stop Here!"

We hope our little man will live long. He looks like a future tramway manager.

None ever lost himself on a straight road.—PERSIAN PROVERB

## The Way of the Englishman

WHO does not like today to read these lines that Ella Wheeler Wilcox wrote on a ship at sea on hearing of the Titanic disaster?

He slams his door in the face of the world,

If he thinks the world too bold;  
He will even curse, but he opens his purse

To the poor and the sick and the old.  
He is slow in giving to women the vote,  
And slow to pick up her fan;  
But he gives her room in an hour of doom

And dies—like an Englishman.

## Their Good Deed

LIKE good Scouts, we should all do a good deed every day. It helps to make the world go round.

But it is not always encouraging. Three boys at Oxford, lodging out of college, have been helping their landlady in hard times by cleaning their own boots, and the good lady, who has evidently a frugal mind and a business instinct, has sent in her bill for the term. It includes a charge of three-halfpence a day for the use of the boot-brush!

## Tip-Cat

DISCUSSING the export trade, Sir Auckland Geddes exclaimed, "I see a blaze of hope." In spite of the coal shortage, he has grate expectations.

Travelling light: A walking match.

A grown newspaper is talking of the "Price of Coal Scandal." Personally, we should never pay much for any sort of scandal.

Worn by men who are "collared": Hand-cuffs.

A drawing master: The dentist.

Colonel Rhodes thinks we owe a lot to cranks. They are always trying to give us a turn, anyhow.

Evening dress: The nightgown.

It is easier, says a minister, to grow sweet peas than a sweet disposition. It is all a matter of training.

Tooth-brush drill has been introduced into Kent schools. They want to make the children right about face.

Dean Inge thinks "men were happier in the Middle Ages than they are now." Most of us have not lived so long.

Speaking of the telephones, Sir Robert Hadfield asks us "not to harp on making the service cheap." Rather let the Post Office go on fiddling with it.

## What Are the Stars?

THE scientist thinks he knows what stars are, but we like the idea of the little child of whom somebody has been writing to the papers.

Asked what the stars are, the child said, "They are holes in heaven's carpet."

## My Ships

The Best Poem of Ella Wheeler Wilcox

Millions of people will be sad because Ella Wheeler Wilcox has left this world. Her verses are known everywhere, and she wrote some of the best of them for the first numbers of the Children's Newspaper. Here is the very best poem Mrs. Wilcox ever wrote, quoted from one of her books, published by Gay & Hancock.

If all the ships I have at sea

Should come a-sailing home to me,  
Ah, well! The harbour could not hold  
So many ships as there would be  
If all my ships came in from sea.

If half my ships came home from sea  
And brought their precious freight  
to me,

Ah, well! I should have wealth as great  
As any king who sits in state;  
So rich the treasures that would be  
In half my ships now out at sea.

If just one ship I have at sea

Should come a-sailing home to me,  
Ah, well! The storm-clouds then  
might frown;

For if the others all went down,  
Still rich and proud and glad I'd be,  
If that one ship came back to me.

If that one ship went down at sea

And all the others came to me,  
Weighed down with gems and wealth  
untold,

With glory, honours, riches, gold,  
The poorest soul on earth I'd be  
If that one ship came not to me.

O skies, be calm! O winds, blow free:

Blow all my ships safe home to me!  
But if thou sendest some a-wrack,  
To never more come sailing back,  
Send any—all that skim the sea,  
But bring my love-ship home to me.

## Old Denny

By a Correspondent from Detroit

A MID beautiful surroundings in the suburbs of the great city of Detroit stands the workhouse infirmary.

For years past a frequent visitor to this place has been an elderly man named Denny. A man of fine presence and good looks, he arrived at the workhouse periodically, ill-clad, dishevelled, and filthy, suffering from alcoholic poisoning. After a few weeks of treatment he would leave and go out to his trade of a pedlar, at which he made a good living. Then he would fall again, and finally even his daughter forbade him the house.

That is old Denny as he was; now see him as he is.

He appeared one day in the doctor's room at the workhouse, clean, handsome, dressed in new clothes, and they are very dear in the United States. The doctor congratulated him.

"Yes," said Denny, "and I have got some money, too," and he pulled out a bankbook with 225 dollars in it.

Then he went on to tell how he was keeping two of his old drinking pals, paying their lodging and helping them to make good. "Now you must see your daughter," said the doctor, and, after much persuasion, the old man summoned up his courage and returned to his daughter's house. Ten days later the doctor received a letter from the daughter pouring out her thanks for the family reunion.

What was it that had happened to old Denny? It was simply that, on that eventful day when he left the workhouse, every drink shop in Detroit was closed for ever, and the city was to him no more a place of unconquerable temptation. The poor old good-for-nothing has become a useful man, and Detroit is richer by a faithful citizen.



PETER PUCK  
WANTS TO KNOW  
How M.P.'s can  
keep resolutions if  
they pass them



## A SHILLING IS WORTH A SHILLING SOMETHING NEW IN BRITISH HISTORY

### War Puzzle for the Great Money Men

#### WHY CHANGE IS GETTING SCARCE

If you have a shilling you can now be satisfied that you have what is really worth a shilling, for never before in British history have silver coins been actually worth their face value.

The sovereign is always worth a sovereign, for if it were melted down and became merely a piece of gold from which to make a ring or a pin, it would be worth exactly as much as if it had the King's head and St. George stamped on it. Indeed, if you have a lump of gold worth not less than £20,000, the Mint will make it into sovereigns for you and charge you nothing for labour.

Before the War, however, silver coins were worth much less than their face value, a shilling being worth less than sixpence. It is important to know the reason for this.

#### Two Kinds of Coins

Gold is set as the standard by which we measure the value of all things, but, as we cannot divide a sovereign into ten or twenty parts convenient for using, we make *token coins* of a cheaper metal, so as to have them large enough for easy handling. Silver has hitherto been the most convenient metal for this purpose, and we stamp on each coin, not what it is worth, but what we want it to represent. Remember that coins are of two kinds—actual and token. A sovereign is actual value for 20s.; but 20 shillings are merely tokens for £1.

But nowadays the value of silver has gone up so much that the coins are worth as much as their face value. Two half-crowns and a sixpence weigh an ounce, but they are worth 5s. 6½d., for that is the price of an ounce of silver.

#### What Will Happen?

This rise in the value of silver has gone on all over the world, and it is a very serious matter, for it raises a difficult problem that no one can see exactly how to solve.

When silver coins are worth more than their face value, people begin secretly to collect them in the hope that the rise in value will continue, and that they will be able to melt the coins down and sell the silver for more than the value the coins represented. Already people in various countries are doing this, although it has been declared a serious crime.

Is there a solution of the problem? Experts differ about this. If silver were dug out of the earth in greater quantities, its value would go down, but the mining companies regulate the output of new silver to prevent a sudden fall in price, which would reduce their dividends.

#### When Silver Was Cheap

Another solution would be to make token coins of some cheaper metal, but if a cheap metal is used for coins of high value it is an incentive to criminals to make spurious coins and pass them off on the public as genuine.

Before the war silver was an ideal metal for token coins, as it was cheap enough to use on a large scale, and yet not so cheap that it was worth while to make spurious coins. Silver has not been so high in price for hundreds of years. In 1909 and 1915 it was less than 2s. an ounce.

Such is the latest of the serious problems that have suddenly arisen as a result of the War to perplex statesmen and financiers all over the world.

## THE MESSENGER OF AN ANCIENT RACE

Into the cold and fog of crowded London has come the romantic messenger of an ancient race, the Assyrians. She has come from 500 miles beyond Bagdad, from a corner of the world which some people believe to be the site of the Garden of Eden.

The wandering hill-tribes of Assyria were once the terror of the world, and when they betook themselves to towns they built up a great warlike Empire; but thousands of years have passed since then, and now they are once more a nomadic people, some 20,000 in number, embracing Christianity as their dauntless faith.

They live where their conquering forefathers lived, in the highlands between the sources of the Tigris and the Caspian Sea, and they have suffered

terribly at the hands of the Kurds and Turks because of their religion and active sympathy with the Allies in the war.

Now they need protection and help, for they have been driven from their long-held country, and so, most wisely, they have sent a lady, Surma di Bith Mar Shimun by name, to plead their cause in England, whose sympathy is always with the oppressed.

The Princess Surma is a sister of the reigning Patriarch, and of the last Patriarch, who was slain by the Kurds. Eight thousand miles has she come to ask for the restoration of the lands of her ancient race.

The earth's oldest history reappears incarnate in a woman's form, and pleads for the justice which is changeless through the ages. *Photograph on page 1*

## JOHN RIDES THE SURE HORSE



Hothead and his Revolution make a great noise, but John Citizen and his Evolution will win. While Aesop's hare exhausted himself, and lay down to sleep, the tortoise won the race. Revolution is the turning of everything upside down; Evolution is progress.

## THE FRENCH PEACE MAN Léon Bourgeois

France has chosen the man who will represent her on the League of Nations. He is Léon Bourgeois.

M. Bourgeois has filled nearly every important office open to a Frenchman. He has been Prime Minister, and Minister for Foreign Affairs, Home Affairs, Education, and Justice. He represented France at two Hague Conferences to promote peace.

He has always been an admirer and a friend of Great Britain, and France could not have chosen anyone in whom confidence is felt more widely.

#### FAITHFUL

Readers who remember the story of the young reporter James Harry Dale, of Deptford, who, as he lay dying from a motor accident, handed his newspaper copy to a spectator, and asked him to deliver it quickly at the newspaper office, will be glad to hear that a marble cross has been placed over his grave, with the inscription, "Faithful Unto Death."

## FOR 700 YEARS Quaint Ways of the Great City

Every year for 700 years the City of London has been performing a quaint old ceremony which acknowledges services due to the Crown.

The ceremony is called a quit-rent service—that is, service rendered instead of paying rent. The duty dates back to a time when payment was made in things instead of money.

The Crown allowed the City to have certain property on condition that it should furnish certain goods, and the City still gives the King the goods, though they are comparatively useless now.

For what the City gives the King each year is one faggot cut with a hatchet, and one faggot cut with a billhook, six horseshoes, and 61 nails.

The City solicitor now cuts the faggots, and hands over and counts out the shoes and nails, and the ceremony is conducted with the grave formality befitting an event so old.

## NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE



Five young hens at Purley, in Surrey, laid 987 eggs in 289 days.

A child in an Essex village has been killed by the sails of a windmill.

A hundredweight of honey has been found in a disused chimney in Essex.

Felsted Grammar School is still keeping Summer Time to save coal and gas.

Mr. John Kane, now manager of a group of collieries in South Wales, began life as a pit boy.

8000 out of the 18,000 school children of Lille had to be sent to hospital when the French re-entered Lille.

#### Newspapers by Camera

During a strike in New York six papers appeared with photographed typewriting instead of the usual type.

#### Hard Times Saving

A magistrate has congratulated the mother of a soldier, who has ten children, on saving £20 out of her Army allowance by careful housekeeping.

#### Black Kent

Kent coal is coming on. Plans are now being made to set up houses for 30,000 miners and their families near the Chislethorpe Coalfields in Kent.

#### Love in a Garden

There is a beautiful tablet in a garden at Witley, in Surrey. It is set up by a lady whose gardener died in the war, and it speaks of the "garden he loved so well."

#### John Bright's Old School

John Bright's old school, Ackworth, near Pontefract, has a new headmaster. He is Mr. Gerald K. Hibbert, M.A., a good friend of the Children's Newspaper.

#### A Fortune for Poor Families

A benevolent Frenchman has bequeathed £90,000 to be distributed equally among ninety of the largest and neediest families in France. There have been 12,000 applications.

#### The Refugees

A quarter of a million Belgian refugees fled to England during the war, and about 20,000 now remain. It is calculated that about £10,000,000 has been spent in supporting them.

#### Ignorant Boys

There are still some boys who do not read the Children's Newspaper. Out of 160 boys who were asked the name of the best living author over 40 were unable to name a single one!

#### Too Wide

The conception that people have of distance is often very curious. A young countryman, whose cart was in a collision at Chertsey, was asked the width of his cart, and gave it as 17 feet!

#### A Diary for 30,000 Days

We gave the other day the case of a man who kept a diary for 19,000 days. Now comes the case of a man who lived to be 95 and had kept a perfect record, day by day, since he was 14. That would be about 30,000 days.

#### When Are You Fourteen?

Age puzzles occur again and again in public documents. The Acton Education Committee is puzzled to know whether a child is 14 on its fourteenth birthday or on the day before. It has asked the Board of Education to decide.

## Pronunciations in This Number

Antoinette . . . . .	An-twah-net
Balalaika . . . . .	Bal-al-ka
Bourgeois . . . . .	Boor-zwah
Dostoevski . . . . .	Dos-toy-yef-skee
Metchnikoff . . . . .	Mech-nee-koi
Shimun . . . . .	Shee-moon
Surma . . . . .	Sewer-mah
Tchaikowski . . . . .	Chi-kov-skee
Turgeneff . . . . .	Toor-gen-yef



## MANY PEOPLE ON A SMALL ISLAND

### HOW CAN THEY LIVE?

Living in a Country by Sending Things Out

### EXPORTS PAY FOR IMPORTS

By Our Commercial Correspondent

How 47 millions of people live on two little islands in the North Sea, called the United Kingdom, is really a wonderful thing, but we are apt to forget how wonderful it is because it goes on happening.

There was a time, not very long ago, when it did not happen. Not much more than 150 years ago—the time of grandfather's grandfather—Britain was very poor in manufacturing, and supported only a small population. Greater London has today more people in it than England and Wales had in 1750.

### Things We Cannot Produce

We have a very small area, and therefore we cannot raise food for our people so easily as France or Germany. France, with a population smaller than ours, has twice as much land, so that it is not difficult for her to raise nearly all the food she wants.

Then, as to timber and wool, and hides and ores, our production is so small as hardly to count. For example, if we take such well-known and useful metals as copper and zinc, our native supplies are so insignificant that, if we did not buy more from abroad, we should have to go without a brass industry, for brass is a compound, or alloy, of copper and zinc.

### What We Bring In

And then there are other well-known materials and foods, such as cotton, india-rubber, tea, sugar, rice, jute, gutta-percha, asbestos, and so on, which we cannot produce at all, however hard we work, and which we should have to go without entirely if we did not get them from abroad, or if we did not import them, as we say.

Taking all sorts of foods together, we have to import one-half of what we eat; in the case of bread, much more than one-half has to be bought abroad. The work of our people is chiefly done on imported raw materials. So that, but for imports, we should not have enough to eat and should have little or no work to do.

### Exports Pay for Imports

How, then, do we manage to buy so much food and material from abroad to keep us going?

We do it by sending out goods, or by exporting, as we say. We work on the imported materials and make enormous quantities of manufactured articles. Those manufactured articles we sell all over the world in exchange for more food or more materials.

And so it goes on continuously, ships always bringing food and materials to us and taking out manufactures to pay for them. If the export trade stopped imports would stop, and tens of millions of our people would have to emigrate to find work elsewhere.

Other ways by which we earn imports are through the services of our ships, which carry a large part of the world's goods; through lending money to people abroad, which brings home imports to pay interest; and through exporting coal, of which we have much, while many countries have little. L. C. M.

## RUSSIA'S DAY WILL DAWN AGAIN

BY OUR INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENT

That the Russian nation will in the future contribute to the common store of interest and enjoyment can hardly be doubted. So large a population, with lands so rich, need only take the wealth out of the soil and every man, woman, and child will have enough.

The "black lands" of the centre and south are more fertile than any known lands except in Canada. All over the country good crops can be raised. In the north are immense forest areas which will be another source of prosperity. Siberia, which used to be thought of as a country covered with snow and inhabited by convicts in chains, has boundless possibilities for the production of food.

But in the past the wealth of Russia has been developed for the benefit of a small class, who lived luxuriously, while the peasants and the poor workers in the towns were badly housed and earned only enough to keep them alive. Their food was bread made of rye, cabbage soup, sometimes with a lump of meat in it, buckwheat in the form of dry porridge, and tea.

### Tea-Time All Day Long

Tea is the national drink of Russia. In all houses the samovar, a tea-urn, makes its appearance morning, noon and night, and glass after glass of golden liquid is drawn off, made very sweet, and drunk with a squeeze of lemon in it, but never with milk.

Russia would have grown into the habits of civilisation along with the other nations of Europe if she had had the same opportunities, but she had obstacles far more formidable than any that have lain in our paths. For centuries she had to fight with the Tartars, and it was this struggle which prevented the Tartars from spreading over Europe, so that that was a very great service rendered by Russia to European nations.

Then, before she had had time to make up the ground she had lost in civilisation, came Peter the Great, who did her even more harm than the Tartars. For Peter, who was very energetic, and very anxious to copy the ways of other nations, decided that the Prussian plan of creating a vast number of officials, forcing men to become soldiers, and subjecting everybody to rigid discipline, would be useful to him; so he set up that system which did so much harm to Russia and has only just been swept away.

### Tsar Who Worked in England

One result of it was that the habit of wearing uniform was carried to absurd lengths. Not only schoolmasters, but even schoolboys, had to wear it. All officials wore it, and this created a gulf between them and the mass of the people. The people disliked these uniformed officials, and made fun of them; but they were afraid of them, and had not the energy to rise up and alter their form of government.

Peter the Great came to England and spent much of his time in the shipyards at Deptford, actually working as a shipwright himself.

He was anxious for a Russian Navy, and wanted to know for himself how ships were built. He is the best known of all the Russian Tsars, and in many ways he had a character commanding admiration. But he was not a wise ruler, and his personal habits were disgusting. The house he occupied in London was in a filthy state when he left it.

The next ruler of any note was a woman, Catherine the Second. She lived during the later part of the 18th century, and tried to improve the condition of the people. But she, like all Russian rulers, was deceived by those who really had the power. Her favourite minister used to build villages of good houses along the roads on which she travelled, filling them with peasants well-dressed and jolly-looking, so that she might suppose the nation prosperous and content!

### Europe's Debt to Russia

It was not long after her death that Napoleon invaded Russia, but was then forced to retreat in winter-time with terrible losses. As Russia had saved Europe from the Tartars, so she helped to save it from Napoleon.

Since then the triumphs of Russia have been those of her musicians, writers, painters, and men of science. It is they, not her Tsars, statesmen, or soldiers, who have made her great.

Russians are all fond of music. In the country one hears songs all the summer while the peasants are hay-making or harvesting, digging potatoes, or gathering cherries or beans. In the winter from the cottages, with their little lighted windows, comes the tinkle of the balalaika, a kind of guitar. Most Russians can dance as well as sing: they take delight in music of every kind. In the churches the singing is fine, mostly by men's voices. As soldiers march, they keep up their spirits with rolling choruses.

### Russians Who Lead the World

The famous Russian composer, Tchaikowski—best known among us by his Pathetic Symphony, 1812—and others of more recent date, are honoured all over the civilised world, just as famous Russian writers—Turgeneff, Tolstoi, Dostoevski—are read by all who make a study of literature.

The most celebrated of the Russians who have devoted themselves to scientific research is Metchnikoff, who discovered how the white corpuscles of our blood fight against bacteria or microbes, and added valuably to knowledge in many directions.

Thus, during the past hundred years, Russia has brought forth many who have earned the gratitude and admiration of the world, and she will bring forth many more when her disorders are at an end. She has much to teach the world. Some people think there is in Russia more idealism, more desire to lead the way towards a better state of human relationship, than in any other European nation, and we must never be tempted to think contemptuously of this troubled people.

## IN A BRISTOL STREET

### How They Paid "On the Nail"

The expression "to pay on the nail," with which we are all familiar, comes from the old method of settling accounts. In the early days of trade and commerce merchants on change paid their debts by counting out their gold on to a copper "nail," or table, in the market-place.

Written receipts are now almost universal, and these nails are no longer used; but two splendid specimens still remain among the most interesting treasures of the ancient port of Bristol.

They are each about four feet high, shaped like a gigantic hour-glass. There they stand in the busy street, a lasting monument to the integrity of the old trading and merchant class who paid on the nail and scorned a receipt.

## A WEAVER'S FAME

### VILLAGE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S ANCESTORS

Ambassador's Noble Tribute to a Man and a Nation

### WHERE THE HUMBLE RISE TO POWER

Many visitors have been of late down into Norfolk to see the bust of Abraham Lincoln unveiled by the American Ambassador in the parish church of Hingham.

It was from this village that the ancestors of Lincoln emigrated to America, about three centuries ago, and in unveiling the monument the Ambassador, Mr. J. W. Davis, was moved to make a human little speech, from which we take these words.

Abraham Lincoln's native earth lies far away across the seas and mountains, and his body is sepulchred in the valley of the Mississippi, but the inspiration of his life extends around the globe.

It was from this village that his progenitors set out almost 300 years ago to taste the great adventure of the New World and to join with those bold and hardy pioneers carving a new home out of the Transatlantic wilderness.

### John Bright on Lincoln

Samuel Lincoln, the Norfolk weaver, left Hingham in the year 1637. Abraham Lincoln, his remote descendant, returns today in this memorial.

In this place, and to this audience, I offer no apology for saying that Lincoln's life has never been told better than by an Englishman—Lord Charnwood; and no summary of his character is more complete and accurate than that of another Englishman—John Bright.

Three days after the news of Lincoln's death, Bright wrote that: "In him I have observed a singular resolution honestly to do his duty; a great courage—shown in the fact that no word of passion or panic or ill-will has ever escaped him; a great gentleness of temper and nobleness of soul proved by the absence of irritation under desperate provocation; and a mercifulness to his enemies which seemed drawn from the very font of Christian charity. His simplicity did much to hide his greatness, but all good men will mourn for him, and history will place him high among the best and noblest of men."

### Land of Opportunity

Honesty, courage, gentleness, nobility, charity, and simplicity—these are indeed the qualities which made Lincoln what he was, and which explain in part, at least, his lasting hold upon the imagination and affection of mankind.

During his stormy life he was reviled as have been few men and women born, but history and the universal verdict of mankind have made John Bright's summary their own.

But this monument would be out of place, even here in the home of his ancestors, if this were less truly a land where opportunity stretches out her hand to raise the humblest to the seats of might and power; where high and low, rich and poor, weak and strong, stand in equal right before an equal law.

### Great Man's Shackles

For those who come to look upon this figure will remember that their lot, no matter how lowly, can be no more humble than was his; and that no handicaps which Fate has fastened upon them can be heavier than those which he overcame. They will recall the shackles which he struck from the bondman's limbs, and will be reminded, that in his day as in ours liberty and democracy proved their power as they earned their right to rule in the affairs of men; and so reminded, they will be ready, as was he, to struggle and to die in the cause of human freedom and equality.



## FARMER'S FOE AT LARGE

### Fox Disturbs the Badger's Winter Sleep

#### TERROR OF POND AND STREAM

By Our Country Correspondent

The fox which was a fluffy little-cub a short time ago is now a very cunning animal, and spends his time either, in hunting or in being hunted.

The rabbits always have cause to know of his presence because when he visits their haunts he usually carries off one or two of them, and the farmer has to be very careful at this time of year to lock up his fowls, for Reynard will take toll of any carelessness.

The badger, too, is frequently seen at the present season, although if he had his own way he would sleep soundly through the winter, out of sight of man. But as he often inhabits the same earth as the fox, his slumbers are upset when the huntsmen are about.

#### Welcome Winter Visitors

Among the birds the little teal, like a miniature wild duck, is arriving from the north in considerable numbers. Some nest here, where they can find suitable localities, but the majority come for the late autumn and winter.

The fieldfare is another winter visitor now arriving. It is very like a missel thrush in size and flight. In colour it is grey with a buff breast and black tail. Its relation the redwing is also coming south, and this is like a song thrush.

Both birds belong to the thrush family, and the redwing is the only thrush found in Iceland. Numbers of grey wagtails also come to us from the northern mountains where they nest, and you may generally see them in the neighbourhood of water.

#### Birds Getting Friendlier

The resident birds, those that rest here and remain all though the winter, are beginning to draw nearer to our homes, driven there often in search of food. One of these is the magpie, which is a far more familiar object now than he was earlier, for, the trees being bare, he can be seen where formerly the leaves concealed his movements.

He is fond of rats, but likes a change of diet to fish sometimes, when he can find such food left on the banks of a stream after an autumn flood.

The titmice also are becoming more friendly, and a little later we shall be able to draw them closer by providing a bird-table outside the door or window.

#### Artful Water-Scorpion

Stream and pond team with life as much as in spring and summer, for the water undergoes only a comparatively slight change of temperature. One of the most interesting creatures to be seen in the stream is the water-scorpion, a flat, leaf-like insect that has curious jaw-like feelers, and a tail that looks like a sting but is really a tube for taking in air.

The water-scorpion is very slow in its movements, quite unlike the dashing water boatman. It creeps about among the water plants, but, despite its slowness, it is quite skilful in catching its prey. Its resemblance to a leaf is very useful, for if the unwary larva of a mayfly or whirligig beetle comes near the place where the water-scorpion is in ambush, it will suddenly dart out its forelegs, clutch the creature, and then extract the juices, as the spider takes those of the fly. It is the terror of pond and stream.

We must look out for a November nosegay which may include the sea holly, thrift, scentless mayweed, pink clover, milfoil, white dead-nettle, scarlet poppy, scabious, and yellow toad flax. All should be found flowering in the more sheltered spots.

C. R.

## ARE YOU THERE, LESLIE?

### And Will You Please Write?

All the grown-up newspapers have been trying to find a little boy named Leslie, who wrote this letter. Leslie's mother is evidently lying in a hospital in London, and Leslie dropped this letter, without a stamp, into a pillar-box, addressed to "My Mummy, The Hospital, London."

The postman took it to the London Hospital, and the governor there has

*Dear Mummy  
I would  
like to see you  
Will you ask the  
doctor if I could  
see you? Leslie  
Will you say the day  
Mummy dear.*

been searching for some sick mother who has a little boy named Leslie. He has searched in vain, however, and none of the grown-up papers have been able to find our little man.

If Leslie sees this, or if anybody knows of a Leslie whose mother is in a hospital, will he please write to Arthur Mee, Editor of the Children's Newspaper, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

## THREE EYELIDS

### Why the Turkey Winks

The nursery rhyme says that "Willie Winks keeps on winking," but no human being could do this, although the turkey is constantly winking without any effort.

An eminent surgeon has just explained why this is. All animals, he says, except men and monkeys, have a third eyelid, and this third eyelid in the turkey is kept moving by special muscles. We see the wink because the lid is opaque, but other creatures have it, though in them it is transparent.

Lizards in the desert use the lid as a protection against sand, while some birds and fishes keep the lid down while watching for prey.

## NATURAL FACTS OF THE DAY



The universe moves to order like a clock. Sunrise and sunset, moonrise and moonset, high tide at London Bridge, ever they come and ever they go, while nations rise and fall.

Here is Nature's time-table next week, given for London from November 16.

### Time-table of Sun, Moon, and Sea

	Sunday	Tuesday	Friday
Sunrise ..	7.20 a.m.	7.23 a.m.	7.28 a.m.
Sunset ..	4.9 p.m.	4.6 p.m.	4.3 p.m.
Moonrise ..	12.45 a.m.	3.1 a.m.	6.16 a.m.
Moonset ..	1.25 p.m.	2.7 p.m.	3.24 p.m.
High Tide..	9.7 p.m.	11.28 p.m.	1.10 p.m.

Next  
Week's  
Moons



## NEXT WEEK IN THE GARDEN

It is now advisable to plan for next year's crops, so that as ground becomes cleared it may be properly treated for the next sowing. Most crops need manure, and some a great deal more than others; trenching is advantageous, and stiff soil should be ridge-trenched.

Plant roses, and protect them from the effects of severe frost by surrounding them with bracken or other rough litter.

Lift and protect any half-hardy herbaceous plants before severe weather sets in.

## A TALE OF ECONOMY

### Why They Bought the Chair

The luxury tax, suggested in Great Britain during the war and actually adopted in France, has not been found easy to work. This story is told in Paris.

A man went to one of the big furniture dealers to buy a writing table. Choosing one of the least pretentious pieces, he asked the price. It was 800 francs, which seemed rather high. The shopman, however, added: "We will add this little armchair. It isn't dear. Only 50 francs."

"No. I don't want it. I have quite enough chairs."

"Excuse me," said the seller. "If you buy the desk alone, I shall have to ask you to pay the luxury tax, which comes to 80 francs. But if you take the chair as well I shall be able to put down your purchases as a suite of office furniture. For this the tax limit is 1,500 francs, and I do not have to charge you on a purchase of 850 francs. Thus, if you take the chair you save 30 francs."

And so they took the chair for economy's sake!

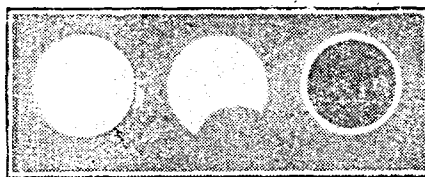
## WILD LIFE IN TOWN

### An Engine Stopped by Eels

Even into the very heart of civilisation wild life will creep. There are two stories in the news.

One tells of the mysterious stopping of the lights at Lynton and Lynmouth, the beautiful seaside villages of Devon. There seemed no explanation for the gradual dimming of the lights and their final extinction, but when the electricians examined the machinery they found six or seven eels in a small turbine.

The eels had stopped up the poles and prevented the water from entering, and so had put the villages in darkness.



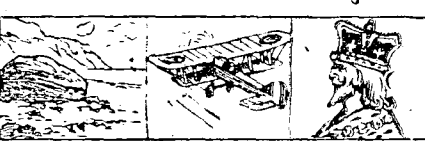
Eclipse of the Sun. See Next Column

The arrow shows where the moon first encroaches; the second picture shows the eclipse just before sunset; the third as seen along the line from America to Africa. See World Map

The other story tells of a poor old lady of 78 who was sitting in a kitchen in Stratford when a mouse ran from the fireplace across her feet.

The old lady jumped up in a fright and fell on her right side, fracturing her thigh so that death became inevitable.

## ICI ON PARLE FRANÇAIS



Le galet Un aéroplane Le roi

On trouve des galets sur la plage.  
Etes-vous allé en aéroplane?  
Le roi est mort, vive le roi!

## LE PAPILLON

Naitre avec le printemps, mourir avec les roses;  
Sur l'aile du zéphyr nager dans un ciel pur;  
Balancé sur le sein des fleurs à peine écloses,  
S'enivrer de parfum, de lumière et d'azur;  
Secouant jeune encor la poudre de ses ailes,  
S'envoler, comme un soufflé, aux voûtes éternelles;  
Voilà du papillon le destin enchanté.  
Il ressemble au désir qui jamais ne se pose  
Et, sans se satisfaire, effleurant toute chose,  
Retourne enfin au ciel chercher la volupté.

LAMARTINE

## MOON HIDES THE SUN FROM US

### Eclipse Next Week

### HOW THE LAMP OF NIGHT DARKENS THE LAMP OF DAY

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

At the end of next week—on Saturday, November 22—we shall have an opportunity of seeing a small portion of the Moon come between the Earth and the Sun; in other words, we shall see a part of a partial eclipse of the Sun, provided, of course, it is fine, and the south-western sky is free from cloud.

It will be remembered that it is only a fortnight since the Earth came between the Sun and the Moon; the Moon has in the meantime travelled round to the other side of the Earth, and the three great globes—the Sun, Earth, and Moon—will find themselves again almost in a direct line, but with this important difference, that the Moon will be about 470,000 miles nearer the Sun.

### A Bit Out of the Sun

The eclipse will begin at 3.20 in the afternoon, when the disc of the Moon will begin to come between us and the Sun, at the lower part of the right-hand side of the Sun. In a very few minutes a bit will appear to have been taken out of this side, and will rapidly grow, until, as it nears 4 o'clock, nearly one-fifth of the Sun will seem to be cut right away. By this time the Sun will begin to sink below the horizon, and we shall see no more of the eclipse, for at two minutes past four he will have set.

Some other countries are more happily placed for seeing the eclipse. The best views are obtained along a line stretching from Texas, in North America, to the West Indies, across Cuba, Tobago, and Grenada, and from there over the Atlantic Ocean to Bathurst, in West Africa, then to Timbuctoo and the heart of the Sahara, where the Moon's shadow will glide off the earth into space.

### Glorious Rings of Light

Anywhere along this line, which is nearly 200 miles wide and 7000 long, the Moon will appear to pass right across the face of the Sun; at the centre of the eclipse she will be like a round dark disc on the Sun, as shown in our picture, so that he will appear as a ring of brilliant light. This is why it is called an annular eclipse, from the Latin word for ring. Sometimes the Moon completely covers the Sun, and it is then called a total eclipse.

This is much more desired by astronomers, for when the brilliant light of this giant orb is shut off for a few minutes, it enables them to learn many things about the Sun's immediate surroundings. It is then that the glorious Corona is seen, the only visual picture we ever get of the immense store of electro-magnetic energy that is continually poured out from the Sun; indeed, the Corona is a superb aurora that for ever surrounds him.

### Tongues of Flaming Hydrogen

It is then that the great flames of incandescent gases, chiefly hydrogen, can be seen, flames that shoot up from the Sun's surface to a height that would sometimes reach from the Earth to the Moon, and capable of enveloping both.

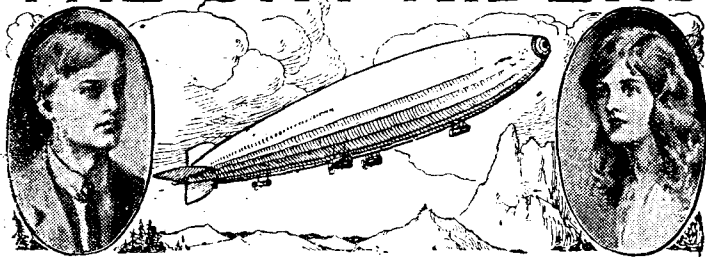
The cause of the difference between an annular and total eclipse is the varying distance of the Sun and the Moon from the Earth. In the present instance the Earth is approaching her nearest point to the Sun, which is reached in six weeks' time; consequently the Sun appears to us a little larger than in July last.

On the other hand, the Moon is almost at her farthest, being nearly 250,000 miles away; consequently, she appears about one-seventh smaller than on some occasions, and therefore not large enough completely to hide the Sun from us.

G. F. M.



# THE SKY RIDERS



## A STIRRING TALE OF ADVENTURE ROUND THE WORLD

Told by T. C. Bridges, Author of "Martin Crusoe"

### What Has Happened Before

CYRIL Hamer's father, Mr. Martin Hamer, has built a model of an ingenious new type of airship, which he offers to his employer, Mr. Mortimer Carne, the millionaire owner of the great Ajax Works; but the model is stolen by Bertram Kent, who had been a partner of Carne.

Three months later Kent kidnaps Stella Earle, who is Carne's niece and Cyril's great chum. Stella is taken away in an airship built from the stolen plans.

A letter is received from Kent in which he offers to restore Stella for £50,000 and all rights in the airship, which is patented, failing which she is to be left with a cannibal tribe.

A new ship, called the Avenger, is built, in which search is made for Kent. This airship is filled with helium, a non-inflammable gas, and its engines burn a marvellous new fuel, called Stellol, the invention of Mr. Hamer.

Cyril, his father, Mr. Carne, Tim McKeown, and four men from the Ajax Works form the crew, and they start for Africa, where Kent is hiding.

They land at an oasis in the Sahara Desert, and just as it is getting dark Cyril and Tim are captured by the Touaregs, a band of Arab raiders. They are being taken by the Arabs to their home in the mountains when Cyril escapes, and an exciting chase ensues.

Suddenly the Avenger's engines are heard, and then her searchlight sweeps the desert, falling on the band of raiders. They instantly turn and flee, being closely followed by the Avenger, leaving Cyril with an almost foundered horse alone in the midst of that great desert.

### CHAPTER 18

#### The Avenger's Return

FOR the moment Cyril hardly understood his plight. Although the Avenger had passed, her machine guns were still rattling, and the brutal Touaregs were at her mercy. Though they scattered, and rode this way and that, the big airship hunted them as a hawk hunts partridges. One after another they were caught by a storm of bullets and destroyed.

It was the horses that Cyril was sorry for. As for the men, he had no pity for them, for he knew them for what they were—black-hearted raiders, robbers, slave traders, not one of whom had ever done a day's honest work in his mis-spent life.

Presently one only was left, spurring his flagging horse madly in the far distance. But the white glare of the searchlight was on him, and Cyril knew that he would never live to tell the tale of how his comrades perished.

He watched till the fugitive was a mere dot in a patch of white light. Then faintly came one more volley, and he, too, toppled over and lay still.

For a minute or two the great beam still flung its searching finger over the desert sand. Then it snapped out, and only the faint light of stars lit the quiet night.

Now, at last, the full realisation of his position struck Cyril like a blow, and he found himself shivering with the horror of it. But this did not last long. He shook himself angrily.

"Steady, you idiot!" he said to himself. "When they've found Tim they'll come back for you. I've

only got to find the oasis again and wait there."

He slipped out of the saddle, and stood by his horse's head, stroking its soft muzzle. The poor beast was covered with sweat, and shivering a little. The desert grows quickly cold at night; and Cyril, who had nothing on but breeches, boots, and a cotton shirt, was beginning to feel very chilly. He was also very thirsty.

It occurred to him that he might find a water-bottle on one of the dead Arabs, and he led his horse gently forward to the nearest.

Man and horse were both dead. For a moment Cyril paused. There was something horrible to him in even touching the dead. But he mastered the feeling, and, stooping, took the man's water bottle, and drank. Then he gave the horse the rest of the water. It was curious to see how perfectly the animal understood drinking out of a bottle. It put its head up and allowed him to pour the water down its throat.

Next, Cyril drew off the man's burnous and flung it over his own shoulders. It was beautifully woven of camel's hair, and kept him warm. He moved to the next body, got a second cloak, and threw it over the horse. This man had a lump of dates attached to his saddle and also a small bag of barley. Cyril fed the horse, and then himself.

After that, as there was nothing else to do, he sat on the sand with the bridle over his arm and waited.

He looked at his watch. It was only a little past twelve. Five hours still before daylight.

Half an hour dragged by. Each minute seemed like an hour. It was very cold now, and Cyril was grateful for the cloak.

Suddenly he sprang to his feet, listening intently. Yes, it was the hum of engines in the distance. The Avenger was returning!

The sound grew louder. A few moments later the searchlight broke out from high overhead and began to swing in wide arcs across the desert.

Shouting, Cyril ran forward, and next instant the light caught him and he stood blinking in its dazzling glare. Then the engines stopped, and the great airship settled slowly towards the sand.

### CHAPTER 19

#### Cyril's Quest

"HAVE you got him? Have you got Tim?" was Cyril's first question as he dashed alongside.

His father came leaping out.

"You, lad?" he cried. "Thanks be that you, at least, are safe."

"But Tim," urged Cyril—"Tim. Where is he?"

"I don't know. At least, I am not sure. But my impression is that the raiders have taken refuge in another oasis, some twelve miles away. Their tracks led to it, but did not leave it."

"And you left them there? Oh, Dad, how could you?"

"We had to come back for you," returned his father, and his voice was a trifle stern. "We knew, of course, that one of you had escaped. There was nothing else that could have brought those ruffians back over their tracks."

Cyril hung his head. "It was all my fault," he said with a groan. "You told me to hurry, and I forgot."

His father laid a hand on his shoulder. "Never mind, Cyril. We all do foolish things at times, and none of us could foresee that the Touaregs would rush us in that fashion. The one thing now is to find Tim, and rescue him from these ruffians. It must be done quickly, too, for once they get away into the mountains they have caves in which they can hide, and where we may never find them again."

"I know—I know," Cyril answered quickly. "That's why I broke away. I came back to tell you, and show you which way they had gone."

"How, in the name of sense, did you get away from the scoundrels, boy?"

It was the ironmaster who spoke. He had come up without the others noticing.

"I'll tell you all about that later, Mr. Carne," said Cyril. "What we have to do now is to rescue Tim."

"All very well to talk, but how are we going to do it?" growled the big man. "These fellows have hidden themselves in a clump of palms, and if we go back there and start shooting we're as likely to kill the Irish boy as any of the raiders."

"But the Arabs will have left the palms as soon as they saw the Avenger move off," returned Cyril. "I'm sure of it. They'll be galloping for the hills. There's only one thing to do—chase them in the plane."

"Why not in the Avenger?" grumbled Carne.

"She's too big, sir, and too much at the mercy of their bullets, if she comes low enough to do any good. The plane is so small and so quick, they'll never hit her. Besides, she's much faster than the Avenger."

Mr. Hamer cut in. "Cyril is right, Carne," he said, with sharp decision. "Get all hands to work rigging her. Mackenzie or Saunderson can take her."

"No, Dad. Let me take her," said Cyril sharply.

"You!" gasped his father. "What do you know about it?"

Mortimer Carne gave a sudden harsh laugh. "More than Saunderson, Hamer. The boy had his pilot's certificate weeks ago. So has McKeown."

Before his father could find words to express his amazement, Cyril had darted off towards the Avenger, and was shouting to the crew. At once all was bustle and activity. The plane, which had been cleverly packed in the bow gondola, was got out, the hinged wings were opened out, the tanks were filled, and within an amazingly short time she was ready for flight. Cyril scrambled into the pilot's seat.

"Have ye got all ye want?" asked Saunderson gruffly.

"Everything—cartridges, food, water—yes, it's all here. Contact!" Saunderson spun the tractor, the engine broke into crackling life, and the little machine was trundling rapidly across the hard sand.

"Can he really handle her?" asked Mr. Hamer of the ironmaster, in a voice that shook a little.

"Watch him," replied the other, with a grim chuckle. And even as he spoke the plane lifted into the air, and, rising steadily, went off at tremendous speed into the night.

"We'd best be following," remarked Saunderson drily; and the others hurried aboard the Avenger.

### CHAPTER 20

#### Cyril Takes Chances

THE Imp, as the little plane was called, was a tiny thing with a wing span of only thirty feet. But she was the very latest and most perfect of her kind, magnificently engined, and fit for one hundred and twenty miles an hour in still air. She carried a special little machine-gun capable of spraying bullets at the rate of eight hundred a minute, and half a dozen tiny but very powerful bombs were in her racks.

Cyril let her out for all she was worth, and, as he did not rise high,

the speed at which he passed over the ground almost frightened him. The sand ridges whistled by like palings of a fence.

He had received exact instructions as to the position of the oasis, but as, even if he had gone high, it was too dark to get a sight of the clump of palms until right over them, he was forced to steer entirely by compass.

The distance, he knew, was about twelve miles, and he reckoned to cover it in eight minutes. But at the end of ten he could not see the clump, so, feeling sure he had missed and passed it, he wheeled and made a big circle. He had to circle twice before he spotted it, and by that time he was quivering with impatience. It had taken some time to set up the plane, and was now nearly three in the morning.

At last he got it, and went hurtling along low over the tops of the palms. He hoped, if by any chance the Touaregs were still there, to draw their fire. But though he almost touched the feathery fronds of the tall palms there was no response, not the slightest sign of life about the grove.

The oasis was a very small one, and the trees not too close to see the ground below. It was not long before he became certain that the raiders had left it, and no doubt were making at best pace for the wild hills to the north.

He dipped till he nearly touched the sand, and, sure enough, there were tracks leading due north. He hesitated no longer, but went off at full speed towards the mountains.

The next quarter of an hour was a time of intense strain, for Cyril was certain that, if he missed the troop, and if they should gain the hills, it was all up. Tim's captors would shelter in some dark cavern where neither gun-fire nor bombs could reach them.

He rose to a height of seven or eight hundred feet, and now could see the mountains quite plainly, their bare, jagged peaks making a sort of fretwork pattern against the stars. His spirits sank still lower. It seemed all odds that the Touaregs would gain those deep defiles before he could find them.

He leaned over the edge of the fuselage, and, though the rush of the air nearly blinded him, stared out across the desert.

A little dark patch, away to the east and faint in the starlight, caught his aching eyes, and he shouted aloud. The patch was moving. It was clearly a knot of horsemen.

Banking steeply, he went tearing in pursuit, and in less than two minutes was above their heads.

Flashes lit the gloom, but the thunder of his big engine drowned the crackle of carbine fire. As for the bullets, Cyril never gave them a thought. He could not return them. That he knew, for if he did Tim was as likely to be a victim as any of the raiders. Instantly he had made up his mind what to do, and, tilting the nose of the Imp downwards, he dived straight at the company of raiders.

TO BE CONTINUED

## NOTES AND QUERIES

**Who was Hansard?** Hansard was an English printer who, in 1774, began to print a "Journal of the House of Commons," and ever since the official parliamentary report has been known as "Hansard."

**What is Anti-Semitism?** Anti-Semitism is hostility to the Jews, usually in the form of organised economic or political opposition.

**What is a Small Holding?** A portion of land fixed by law as more than one acre but less than fifty acres, which must be used for no other purpose than agriculture.

**What is Unearned Increment?** The increase which takes place in the value of land owing to local or other improvements, and which is not due to the efforts of the landowner.

### Five-Minute Story

## FETCHING THE DOCTOR

NICK CAVAN'S heart was nearly bursting as he raced down the long, straight road. He had run till he felt he could run no longer.

Vaguely he heard the roar of a car coming up behind, and stopped short. The engine was cut off, the brakes rasped, and a big touring car came to a standstill alongside Nick. There was only one person in her, the driver, a young man with a brown, clean-shaven, capable face.

"What's up?" he asked.

"Meg—my sister," panted Nick hoarsely. "She fell on a scythe."

"And you're after the doctor. Right. Get in." Nick scrambled in alongside, and instantly the great car shot forward.

"He lives at Mericombe—first to the left, about three miles," Nick added. "It's a bad road."

"Don't you worry. We'll be there in five minutes," answered the other confidently, and opened his throttle wide.

How he drove! A gale roared past Nick's ears. It seemed no time before they were on the hill leading down into Mericombe. It was a field road, narrow and rough, and the great car lurched and swung in and out of the ruts.

They rounded a curve, and suddenly Nick sprang up.

"The gate!" he shrieked. "It's shut!"

Sure enough, a field gate generally open had been closed, and the car, going nearly forty miles an hour, was dashing downhill upon it. It seemed impossible to pull up in time.

An iron hand seized Nick and pressed him down into the bottom of the car. "Sit tight!" came the curt order.

The speed of the car increased. Next instant there was a rending crash. A hurricane of splinters flew in every direction. The car tore straight onwards.

Nick looked up, too amazed for words.

"No time to open it, so we went through," observed the driver calmly. "Here we are in Mericombe. Now, where's the doctor's house?"

\* \* \*

Five minutes later the big car, this time with the doctor aboard, was returning at the same reckless speed and reached the Cavans' house in safety. The doctor hurried in, Nick at his heels.

The driver sat silently until the front door burst open again, and out rushed Nick, his eyes alight with excitement.

"Meg's safe," he cried. "But the doctor says if it hadn't been for you he'd never have got here in time, and she would have bled to death. He says he never saw anyone drive like you."

The other smiled.

"I ought to be able to," he answered. "You see I was one of Field-Marshal Haig's despatch riders in France."





# Laugh and the World Laughs With You



## Dr MERRYMAN

"WHAT did Columbus prove by standing an egg on end?"  
"That eggs were then cheap enough to be handled carelessly."

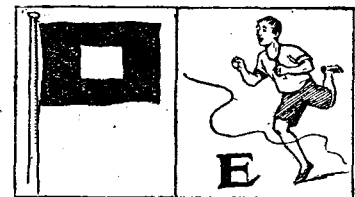
### A Buried Animal

IN this sentence an animal is buried: can you discover it?  
"On Christmas Eve you rang out angel peals." *Solution next week*

### The Rival Musicians

Some say that Signor Bononcini, Compared to Handel's a mere nimby; Others aver that to him Handel Is scarcely fit to hold a candle. Strange that such high disputes should be  
"Twixt tweedledum and tweedledee."

### Is Your Name Here?



These pictures represent a boy's and a girl's name. Do you know what they are?  
*Solutions next week*

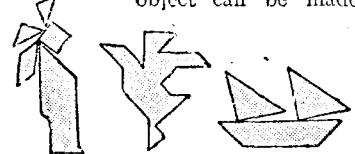
### Poser

WHEN it rained, are you sure the newt knew't?

### Tangrams

HERE are some more tangram pictures.

Cut a large square of cardboard into the seven pieces shown in the first diagram and try to make for yourself the figures of a Red Indian, a bird, and a sailing boat shown below. The pieces must fit closely together and must not overlap. Almost any object can be made



with these seven pieces, but it is by no means easy to do so, as you will find when trying to make these apparently simple examples.

## Tell-Tale Belinda

THERE was illness at Jacko's school, and the boys had broken up at the half-term. He was sitting at the table doing sums one evening when Father came in.

"Who has broken the scullery window?" he asked severely.

"Jacko did it," said Belinda.

"Hum!" said his Father. "I might have guessed it. No pocket-money this week, my boy. If you had owned up I might have overlooked it."

"Didn't get a chance," grumbled poor Jacko; and this time he looked a whole battery of field guns at his sister.

Just then in came Mother Jacko. She went straight up to Belinda and said: "Take off your wet boots. Run, Jacko, and fetch your sister's slippers."

Jacko went slowly upstairs. He found the shoes, caught up one, and was stooping to pick up the other, when, to his surprise, a mouse scuttled across the room and sprang into it.

Quick as lightning, Jacko clapped his hand over the top so that it couldn't get out again, and ran downstairs.

"Here you are, Belinda," he cried.

Belinda looked surprised. "Thank you," she said, smiling; and she put out her hand for the shoes.

Jacko gave them to her, and—out leapt the mouse!

Belinda screamed and flung the shoe as far from her as she could. It struck the spout of the kettle, tipped it up, and sent the hot water over the poor dog on the hearthrug. The dog yelped, and dashed off in a fright, banged into Adolphus as he came into the room, and sent him sprawling.

"Wretched boy!" cried the family all together, looking round for him. But Jacko had disappeared.

*Jacko will appear with a picture again next week*

### A Frenchman's English

A FRENCHMAN, wishing to ask his host how many brace of pheasants his bag for the day comprised, inquired: "How many braces have you to your bags?"

### PICTURES THAT ANSWER QUESTIONS

How Does a Builder Make a Straight Line?



A chalked string is held taut, and the builder picks the string off the ground and lets it fly back suddenly, making a perfectly straight, chalky line.

### Do You Live at Glasgow?

GLAS is Celtic for "green," and cu, or ghlu, stands for "dear," so Glasgow probably means the "dear green place." Others say it means "the dark glen."

### Riddle in Rhyme

IN every household in some sort of way

I'm busy every hour in every day. My nature's cold, my temper's quite serene,

Yet in hot water I am often seen. Sometimes I'm dull and sometimes very bright,

And yet I've stirring times morn, noon, and night.

My form is odd; I'm neither round nor square,

Triangular nor oval; yet my shape is fair.

### The Wood-Chuck

THE wood-chuck is an American bird. How much wood would a wood-chuck chuck if a wood-chuck could chuck wood?

The wood that a wood-chuck would chuck if a wood-chuck could chuck wood, would be the wood that a wood-chuck could chuck if a wood-chuck that could chuck wood would chuck the wood that the wood-chuck could chuck.

### ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLE

What is it?

Nothing after all.

## Hoity Toity and Molly Coddle



Hoity and Molly have run away from a grumpy aunt to find their mother and father in Africa. They meet a tramp.



### CHAPTER 6

THE tramp grew suspicious when they did not answer.

"Something you've been stealing?" he guessed.

"Oh, no!" Molly was horrified, and blurted out: "It's only our money!"

"A very sensible thing to have with you, too. Plenty of it you seem to have got, and you'll need it. Africa's a long way off, and I dunno why you want to go there. A pretty place, as I say, with lions and tigers and elephants and crocodiles, but you could see all that in London at the Zoo."

"Yes, but we are going to our father and mother," Molly explained. "They live there; and Aunt Humpty is not very kind to us."

"I see," said the tramp. "So you're running away! I ran away myself when I was a boy. I went to Africa and stayed there for years. I daresay I met your father there. What sort of a man is he?"

"We don't remember what he was like," said Molly.

"Then how do you expect to find him?" asked the tramp. "Africa's a big place. What's his name?"

"His name," replied Molly, "is Mr. Coddle."

"What!" exclaimed the tramp, staring first at one, then at



"Something you've been stealing?" asked the tramp, looking at Hoity's bundle. "Oh, no!" Molly blurted out. "It's only our money!"



All of a sudden he sprang to his feet and stood before them



He stood with one knee crooked, and one hand on his chest

the other of them in amazement. "What name did you say?"

"Mr. Coddle," Molly repeated.

"Well, well, who'd have thought it!" the tramp said to himself; and all of a sudden he rolled up what was left in his piece of paper, threw it away, sprang to his feet, and stood before them. "Coddle's his name—I could have told you that; and now I look at you again—dear me! dear me! I thought you were deceiving me, but I can see it's true."

They were bewildered; he kept staring at them so strangely.

"Take a good look at me," he cried. "Now, don't you remember who I am?"

He stood with one knee crooked and one hand on his chest, as if he were having his photograph taken, and they looked, but could not remember him, and said so.

"Very disappointing! Now, I've a surprise for you. My name's Coddle. Now do you know me? I'm your father!"

*More Next Week*

## The Children's Poet

A FEW days before Marie Antoinette died on the scaffold a little girl was born in Liverpool who was destined to become famous as "the children's poet."

Her father had been a prosperous merchant, but misfortune had overtaken him, and he left Liverpool to live quietly in North Wales, where the little girl, with her brothers and sisters, grew up amid lovely surroundings.

From her earliest years she had the poetical instinct, and as soon as she could write at all she produced little poems, some of which were collected and published when she was fourteen. The poems were, of course, not very good, and the critics were rather severe.

The girl went on writing poetry, and a second volume, containing very much better work, was issued in 1808, and she began to get famous. Her brothers were officers in the Army, and she had a great admiration for heroism, so it is not surprising that when, a dashing young officer, a friend of her brother's, visited her home, she fell in love with him.

He had to go off to the war in Spain, but when he returned, in 1812, the girl, who had grown up a beautiful young woman of 19, married him.

They had five children, and then, in 1818, the husband, whose health had been undermined during the retreat from Corunna, went to Italy for sun and warmth. He never returned, but left the poor mother to bring up her family alone.

The mother's poetry was popular, and she wrote a great deal, besides doing other literary work such as essays and reviews, and she was thus able to support and educate her children. But it was terribly hard work, and she killed herself by the overstrain.

Her fame spread even to America, and, though she did not write any really great verse, she will live by reason of her children's poems, some of which are found in every book of poetry for boys and girls.

When she went to Scotland she met Sir Walter Scott, of whom she became a great friend. She also visited Wordsworth, and he spent half a day reciting his own poetry to her. He admired her and her verses very much, and when she died he described her as "That holy spirit sweet as the spring, as ocean deep"; for while she was beautiful in person, she was just as beautiful in character.

Her health grew worse, and she died in Dublin on May 16, 1835, at the early age of 41. Here is her portrait. Who was she?



*Last Week's Name—King Alfred*



The Children's Newspaper grows out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world. The Magazine appears on the 15th of each month, and the Editor's address is: Arthur Mee, Fleetway House, Farringdon St., London, E.C. 4.

# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

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## BABY PENGUIN. EDISON IN THE SCENE OF HIS BOYHOOD. 25,000-MILE WALK



Alfred Felton, the Australian, who has won the world's sculling championship



Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, who has just died in America



Twelve-year-old Edward Coleman and the five-year-old child he saved from drowning. See story on page two



Mother penguin feeding her child in Edinburgh Zoo. See page one



Two new friends on the land—girl land-worker and the goat, war friends remaining in peace



Lord Curzon, the new British Foreign Minister, with his daughters, Lady Cynthia and Lady Alexandra Curzon



Edison visiting one of the workshops in which he began his inventions



Admiral Sturdee, victor of Falkland Islands, talks to the boys in a Manchester school. See page five



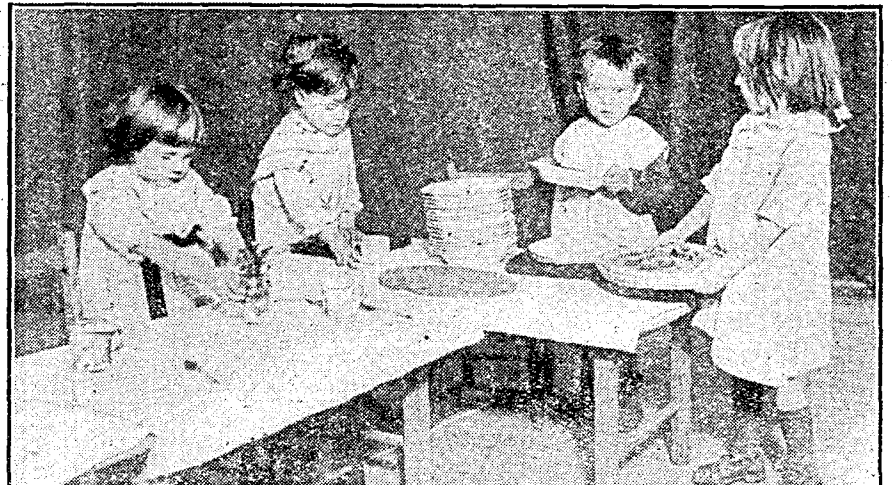
William Brown, on a 25,000-mile walk through the United Kingdom, which will take 3 years



Boys of the Whitgift Grammar School, Croydon, with the German gun given in recognition of the school's war services



The children at their morning toilet



Preparing the tables for dinner

LITTLE CHILDREN BEING TAUGHT TO LOOK AFTER THEMSELVES IN A MODEL NURSERY AT A LONDON SCHOOL